



No. 367.—Vol. XXIX

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



"OH! LISTEN TO THE BAND!"

MISS GRACE PALOTTA, THE DELIGHTFUL LITTLE LADY WHO PLAYS DAISY DAPPLE IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

Of Lord Queensberry, who died last week, his biographers in the daily papers seem to have remembered only the eccentricities with which his name was associated, the protest made from the stalls on the first-night of "The Promise of May," and a later scandal, a law case, in which "Q.'s" conduct was approved by all clean-minded men.

Lord Queensberry was not the aimless loiterer that he has been often represented to be. It may not have been a very high ideal in life to pull boxing-matches up from being brutal exhibitions, things for bookmakers to bet on, and to make them take their proper place amongst sports for gentlemen; but that was his ideal, and when he had taken a lead in promoting amateur championship competitions and the Pelican Club was established he nearly realised it. He believed that every healthy young Englishman should be able to use his fists, and to use them scientifically, and what he preached he practised. He was always ready to put on the gloves and to step into the ring for a bout, either with an amateur or a professional. He was an Agnostic, certainly, but he was not a proselytising one.

I, though at one time I met him constantly, never heard from his mouth a word as to his religious or irreligious opinions, and I do not think that he ever attempted to influence in this matter the young men in whose society he delighted. What he did encourage them to do was to be proficient in manly exercises and to be always in hard condition. He was always in training himself, and it was no unusual sight to find him and his close friend, Sir Claude de Crespigny, tramping the country roads by night, or doing some hedging and ditching work by day, for the sake of exercise. He was a well-known figure both in the London streets and on the river, his face, clean-shaven except for the close-trimmed whiskers, his very ruddy cheeks and heavy eyebrows, arresting attention. He will be much missed at the Raleigh and Sports Clubs.

Sir Claude de Crespigny, Lord Queensberry's bosom-friend, has sailed for South Africa. He has two sons serving out there—one of whom (portrayed in this week's *Sketch*) will probably be awarded the V.C. for a very gallant action in saving a dismounted trooper—and he is anxious to be serving with them. He is as fit for work as any boy of twenty, and, though he has broken nearly every bone of his body steeple-chasing, is, as horse-dealers' advertisements put it, practically sound. Sir Claude, however, was born in the 'forties, and the War Office have fixed an age-limit at thirty-five for troopers of Yeomanry, so the Baronet has gone out as a free-lance.

Spion Kop has during the past week still remained the point at the Seat of War to which all men's eyes have been turned. During three years spent in South Africa, chiefly in Natal, I made a number of sketches, and, turning these over, I came across a view, taken from the store on the southern side of the river at Colenso, of Spion Kop and the great Berg towering beyond. It is not very careful in outline, but it brought back to me the ground as I remember it. Close to the river there are two great humps of hill, which were pointed out to me as Spion Hill, the Mount Pisgah of Natal, from which the Dutch who had fled from the old colony surveyed the new land which was to be their home. Behind these two clusters of hills—for what at a distance, in that part of the country, looks like a great rolling down, is really a broken mass, boulder-strewn and seamed with ravines—other ridges, growing less and less in height, run back to the north-east. The Drakensberg, with Mont aux Sources as its culminating height of eleven thousand-odd feet, stands up like a wall behind Spion Kop, and dwarfs it completely.

The subscription which has been raised in India amongst the native gentlemen to assist the equipment fund of Lumsden's Horse and the response to an absolutely unofficial appeal to the Indian potentates to help the war funds are striking signs of the great change that has come over India since the Mutiny days. There could be few things more Gilbertian in topsy-turvydom than the great men of native India, Sikhs, Rajpoots, and Hindu Brahmins, subscribing to a fund to equip the British Christians of India to wage war against some of the Dutch Christians in Africa. The Maharajah of Durbungah, who called together a representative meeting of Hindus and Mohammedans in Calcutta to raise subscriptions for the war funds, is a Brahmin of the Brahmins, and is said to inherit his father's love of plain speaking. Of the old Maharajah it was said that he was the only native noble on the Viceroy's Council who ever said exactly what he thought.

If R. L. Stevenson had lived, we should have had a letter of burning indignation from him on the manner in which Apia was taken over by the Germans. Half-an-hour after the mail-steamer carrying the despatches arrived in port, the Captain of the *Cormoran* sent a boat's crew on shore, who pulled down the Samoan flag and hoisted the German one. This was the first information that the Samoan chiefs received that they were German subjects, and the first notice the English and American Consuls had of the transfer of the island to Germany. The friend who, writing from Apia, gives me these details, also tells me of the way—and a very pretty one it was—in which the Samoans showed their grief that they had not become subjects of Great Britain. An American storekeeper, a popular man in the island, was leaving, so the native town-band came to the vessel of the Oceanic Steamship Company to serenade him, and a crowd of Samoans accompanied the musicians. As the natives left the ship, the band began "God Save the Queen," and the words of the anthem were taken up by the great crowd in boats that swarmed round the vessel, and even by the coolies working at lading cargo. When the last notes of the grand hymn ceased, there was a pause, and then three hearty cheers went up for Her Majesty.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

Everything points, as I write, to the undertaking by General Buller of a last supreme effort to raise the long-sustained siege of Ladysmith.

As is well known, he had already made two strenuous attempts to effect this—the first being the memorable frontal attack at Colenso, and the second being the more recently executed advance against the enemy's right flank at Spion Kop. Although both of these have unfortunately proved abortive, neither Sir Redvers nor the gallant troops under his command have suffered themselves to be discomfited thereby. Indeed, rather the reverse has really been the case, for the two checks that they have received have only served to animate all ranks with increased determination to succeed in the end. As the correspondent of the Central News remarks, "The troops are in excellent spirits. They have only one anxiety, and that is to get at the enemy." It is, of course, impossible to state when or where the next attempt to achieve this object will be made, but those "in the know" confidently predict that the commencement of the necessary forward movement took place at the end of last week. Indeed, persistent reports have reached England from more than one source which assert that Buller succeeded in recrossing the Tugela either on Friday night or early on Saturday morning. The spot where the passage was made is said to have been just above Trichard's Drift. If this be the case, the line of march followed by the relieving column would be in the direction of Acton Homes. From this point the road to Sir George White's camp lies to the East, and, as it goes through a comparatively level stretch of country, the advance should not prove so difficult as have the two former ones. At any rate, may this third attempt prove a lucky one!

Despite the early failures to relieve Ladysmith, the position of affairs there is by no means the hopeless one that the professional pessimists would have us believe. Sorely tried though it be by its three and a-half months' of siege, the gallant garrison still maintains a stout heart and keeps a bold front to the foe. On the first of the present month, the cheery message, "We can hold on here," was heliographed from headquarters. As the supply of stores and ammunition in hand is sufficient to last for some weeks yet, there is every hope that Sir George White's troops will be able to keep the investing force at bay until help arrives. Should the report to the effect that a portion of Joubert's troops have been withdrawn within the last few days prove true, such assistance should be the more easily rendered. The Boers who have left Ladysmith are said to have marched into Zululand, where a British flying column is reported to have been lately seen.

In other parts of the country—notably along the southern bank of the Orange River—our troops have been more active of late. Thus, Generals French, Gatacre, and Kelly-Kenny have all been recently engaging the enemy, and before very long a concerted movement by all three will probably be undertaken. Already the two latter commanders are in touch with one another—Gatacre being strongly established at Sterkstroom, and Kelly-Kenny (with the Sixth Division) occupying a large tract of country to his west. General French, who returned to Rensburg at the beginning of the month, has made several successful reconnaissances within the last few days, with the object of locating the enemy's positions to the east and north. On Friday last, the kopjes to the west of Colesberg were vigorously shelled by our artillery, but the enemy declined to risk an engagement, much to the chagrin of the British forces. Good work was performed on this as on every occasion by the Colonial troops.

On the Western Border there is, at the time of writing, but little to chronicle. The bombardment of Kimberley—together with that of gallant little Mafeking—is still being maintained. With respect to the former, it is said that Cronjé has ordered the removal of some of the heavy guns from the Boer position at Modder River, in order that they may be utilised in the assault upon Kimberley. In the meantime, the troops there, under the command of Colonel Kekewich, are in good health and spirits. Indeed, as with their comrades at Ladysmith, nothing seems to depress them, and the hardships and dangers to which they have been subjected have only served to bring out their sterling military qualities.

So, too, with the garrison that "B.-P."—as Colonel Baden-Powell is familiarly known—has defended Mafeking with during so many trying weeks. Here, despite the most desperate efforts on the part of the investing force to effect the submission of the town, the residents continue to more than hold their own. It is extremely probable, however, that their relief will be effected within a week or two at the most, as Colonel Plumer is steadily advancing towards this place with the expressed intention of raising the siege. He is operating from the north, and has already encountered the enemy's patrols in a series of little skirmishes.

The early hours of Sunday morning witnessed the departure from the Royal Albert Docks of another detachment of Volunteers and Yeomanry for South Africa. The contingent, which was composed of No. 40 ("The Oxfordshire") Company of the Imperial Yeomanry (under Captain Butler) and a battery of the Honourable Artillery Company (under Major McMicking), sailed in the steamship *Montfort*. The Prince of Wales bade them Godspeed at Albany Street Barracks last Friday. On the same transport there also embarked the staff of the "Irish Hospital" (generously provided by Lord Iveagh) and some civilian surgeons. Altogether, about 300 men and 250 horses were embarked. During the past week strong parties of the "C.I.V." have arrived at Cape Town. Here they have gone into camp just outside the city. Their smart appearance is said to have aroused much admiration.



K. S. RANJITSINHJI, THE FAMOUS CRICKETER, AS COLONEL IN HIS UNCLE'S ARMY IN INDIA.

Truly "Ranji" is a man of many parts! As cricketer, cyclist, motorist, racquet- and tennis-player England knows him; but how many suspected that this genius of the bat was a keen soldier too? "The Sketch" for the first time portrays the Sussex favourite in military uniform, as a Colonel in his Uncle's Army in India, and at this juncture it is particularly fitting that "K. S. R." should be so represented, for he is extremely anxious to fight for the country in which his laurels have been gained. But Indian troops are disqualified in this game, and "Ranji" must patiently wait until the summer comes along to keep up his reputation (which is also the interpretation of his name) as "King of the Field." This photograph is by Stearn, of Cambridge.

"THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY.

In a few days all the boys in the streets will be trying to sing, hum, or whistle "When the Boys Come Home Again," and for a few months Mr. Lionel Monckton's tune will have dethroned "Soldiers of the Queen" and ousted nearly all the other popular melodies from an



MISS KATIE SEYMOUR, WHO PLAYS AND DANCES SO CHARMINGLY AS ROSA IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

overdose of which we have suffered, and "for this relief, much thanks!" I do not say that this will be the only barrel-organed tune from "The Messenger Boy," for the song about "Maisie who got right there," capitably sung by Miss Rosie Boote, and Miss Connie Ediss's alarming disclosures as to the things that come out in the wash, will make a bold bid for equal popularity. By-the-bye, I think that Miss Connie Ediss might give us another stanza in her curious inimitable fashion regarding the fact, which I have lately learnt with sorrow, that some of the big laundries hold quarterly sales of second-hand linen; this I learnt because two rival laundries insisted upon washing their own dirty linen in public.

Before leaving this topic, I ought to mention that I am told that these three songs were composed by Mr. Lionel Monckton. Now, who is the Messenger Boy? is the question, and the answer is, "Jaggers," alias Tommy Bang, and, in reality, Mr. Edmund Payne. About Jaggers we have already heard "plenty enuf"—if I may use pidgeon-English—about Tommy Bang we shall hear plenty more, for he is a quaint, droll fellow and central figure of a comical story. Mr. Tudor Pyke—really a land-shark, despite the "y" instead of "i" in his name—is a rich money-lender who carries in his pocket-book a dishonoured bill for £9000, backed in a foolish, friendly way by Clive Radnor, Queen's Messenger, and also acceptances of Lady Punchestown. Pyke wishes to marry Nora, daughter of Lord Punchestown, Governor of El Barra, on the Nile; but the young lady and Clive happen to love one another, and hate Pyke.

By threatening that he will show her bills to her husband, the money-lender forces Lady Punchestown to favour his suit. They are aware that Clive is about to start for El Barra to deliver messages to the Governor, and also ask for the hand of his pretty daughter, so they determine to send a messenger with Clive's dishonoured bill to Lord Punchestown. Tommy Bang is chosen as messenger, and his orders are to get to El Barra as quickly as possible, notwithstanding any plots to delay him, even if they should be in the name of Pyke.

Nora and her maid, Tommy's sweetheart, hear of this, and resolve to rush over to El Barra to assist Clive. Now, Tommy has a mother, a widow, who suddenly discovers, by a picture in the *Illustrated London News*, that she is merely a grass-widow, that the famous Hooker Pasha of Cairo is really her husband, who fled from her and Brixton eighteen years before. She resolves to accompany Tommy. Furthermore, Cosmos Bey, agent for Hooker, is taking over to Egypt a bevy of beauties for his harem, so you see that, by Hooker and by crook, all the parties were off for Egypt.

However, the best schemes of pikes and men go oft astray; the money-lender put Lady Punchestown's bill, instead of Radnor's "kite," into the envelope, so Tommy started with a kite likely to do more harm with its talons to Lady Punchestown than to Radnor. Of course, they telegraphed to stop Bang, and, of course, he thinks this is only a plot from the enemy, and goes the faster; they follow him, catch him up at Brindisi, and are flouted when they try to explain. Now, it hardly seems necessary for me to tell all that happened to this collection of parties that were hastening to El Barra; they all got there, or, as Maisie would say, "got right there."

After many wonderful adventures, true love triumphed, as it always should. Lord Punchestown never got the letter, though it was delivered to him; but he got a son-in-law instead, Mrs. Bang got her husband, Tommy got a father, Rose got Tommy, and Mr. Pyke got left, and they all got a prodigious amount of applause from an audience delighted by what is probably the prettiest, brightest, and most entertaining of the long run of Gaiety pieces. So, by changing the customary Gaiety Girl into the unwonted Gaiety Boy, the Gaiety has not lost its luck, though there were some gloomy prophecies by members of the most superstitious of professions.

It may be that Mr. Tanner and Mr. Alfred Murray, the authors of the book, have not taken full advantage of the comic possibilities of their scheme, and that the authors of the lyrics have not reached the Gaiety high-water mark of comical writing, but some of their songs are deftly written, and the book gives a strong company an opportunity of showing its gifts. Of course, the Saturday first-night, like all Gaiety first-nights, though in a less degree than most, failed to show piece or players to full advantage. Mr. Harry Nicholls, for instance, and Mr. Lonnen—both rather meanly treated by the authors—were not quite at their best, and may be regarded for the moment almost as reserve force; but Mr. Edmund Payne had ample scope, and showed himself vastly amusing, particularly in his Dervish dancing and sham conjuring. Miss Katie Seymour, as Rose, his sweetheart, delighted everybody by her dancing and merry acting, and her two duets with Mr. Payne will be encored every night for months; and one may say the same thing of Miss Connie Ediss's two comic songs, which, partly because they are clever, and partly because she sang them richly, were received with roars of laughter. Miss Rosie Boote made quite a "hit," and so did Mr. Fred Wright in a complicated piece of dancing. Miss Violet Lloyd sang



MR. EDMUND PAYNE, WHO SO HUMOROUSLY ENACTS THE TITLE-PART IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY.

He is here shown in his old character of Flipper in "A Runaway Girl." Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

prettily, Mr. Mackinder played in lively style, and, of course, I must mention Miss Grace Palotta, Miss Maud Hobson, Messrs. Willie Ward, Robert Nainby, and William Wyes. Let me add that the dresses were designed by Mr. Wilhelm, and many of them are lovely. E. F. S.

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Mr. **THOMAS HARDY** writes—

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Mr. **C. ARTHUR PEARSON** writes—

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Miss **MARIE CORELLI**, the distinguished novelist, writes from Stratford-on-Avon—

Accept my heartiest congratulations on THE SPHERE. It is an admirable piece of work.

Mr. **JUSTIN MCCARTHY**, M.P., writes from Westgate-on-Sea—

I feel that I must write you a few lines to offer you my cordial congratulations on the splendid success of THE SPHERE's first number. The illustrations reach the highest point that our illustrated art has yet touched, and the literary matter is in style, in variety, and in appropriate interest far above the level of the ordinary illustrated paper. In truth, your first number is the only rival its successors are likely to have.

Mr. **J. S. WOOD**, Editor of the *Gentlewoman*, writes—

THE SPHERE is the greatest achievement among first numbers in pictorial journalism that I have known.

Mr. **MAX PEMBERTON** writes—

THE SPHERE is unquestionably the finest thing in illustrated journalism which London has yet seen. It is beyond all things a pleasing paper, and one handles it with the same pleasure that one takes up a finely produced book or a work of art.

Mr. **ARTHUR HUTCHINSON**, Editor of the *Windsor Magazine*, writes—

Heartiest congratulations on a magnificent achievement.

General **SIR EVELYN WOOD**, Adjutant-General, writes—

I think THE SPHERE is excellent.

Mr. **HALL CAINE** writes from Rome—

THE SPHERE comes late to this remote place, but it needs only the swiftest glance to see you have scored a success. It is bright, various, well written, and well illustrated; brilliantly produced. My hearty congratulations.

Sir **CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY**, K.C.M.G., writes from Nice—

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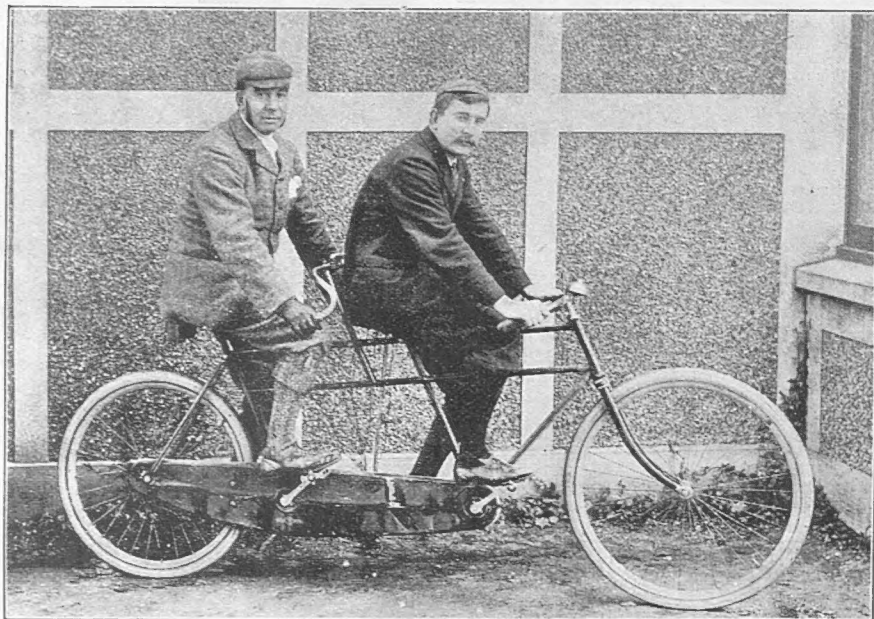
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A MORNING WITH WILDFOWL.

Though daylight has been long in coming, it arrives without fog or even mist, and the delay is forgiven. There is a silence as though all the world were asleep when I cross the lawn and meadows between me and the sea-wall; but the silence is not unusual here, nor is it surprising, seeing that the nearest village is three miles away. At the warren's

Marquis of Queensberry.



THE LATE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY AND MR. C. A. SMITH ON A TANDEM CYCLE.
Reproduced by courteous permission from "Cycling."

edge are rabbits in plenty. Some scamper off as I approach—they are the veterans; a few are content to leave their breakfast and sit up with ears standing at attention—they are the young fools who have been taught better and think they know more than their teachers. I stand

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still; they return to their nibbling. It would be easy to get within range, but I am after other sport. Not even the splendid hare rising almost under my feet and going straight away tempts me, nor do the golden plover that seem to cover the cliff-meadow.

I go down towards the sea and find a likely place at a corner of the old wall. In the east the sky is streaked with red and orange and gold. Before me lie the wastes of salt marsh-land that the incoming tide will presently fill; behind me, more than half-a-mile away, is Thorndyke Decoy, once a prosperous place to which birds came in their hundreds during the season, now a deserted pond, with little water, surrounded by choked pipes over which remnants of tarred netting yet flutter in the breeze. Rumour says that mallard, duck, and widgeon have been seen there during the past week, and on this account I have braved the cold wind of a late December morning. Coming from their feeding-grounds to the fresh water, they must pass the sea-wall, and haply it may be that they will pass within range.

My first visitor is a heron. I watch his slow descent from cloudland to the ditch that runs through the meadow; he alights some thirty yards away, and proceeds to fish. I did not come out to shoot herons, so I decline the invitation manfully.

Half-an-hour passes; the cold is intense, the sun is rising, it is time that something should be coming in. Something comes. Far to the right I see a squadron of birds, looking no bigger than larks. They pass overhead, out of range, a fine "bunch" of teal. From the same distant corner come a couple of bigger birds. I tear my gloves off, grip my gun, and crouch down in the hollow of the bank. They come over, flying low, as is their habit in cold weather—a mallard and his mate. I let them pass, aim at the mallard, and fire.

The duck goes away with a loud, indignant quack, quite oblivious of my second barrel, but the mallard goes to earth with the swoop of a spent stone from a catapult.

Mr. Heron, his breakfast so rudely interrupted, springs from the heavy land and seeks the skies; gulls and oystercatchers, feeding unseen hitherto, rise in all directions and go seawards, in company with a solitary cormorant. I do not venture to pick up the dead mallard, but with all convenient haste shift my corner to another some forty yards down in the direction of the path chosen by the teal. My way lies past the ditch where the heron fished, and I disturb three or four snipe that never rose to the gun. All rise together, and while I am trying to choose one I lose all, for they zigzag out of range, leaving me with no more consolation than arises from considering their haste as a compliment.

In a few minutes I hear the "whe-ow" of widgeon, seemingly on the other side of the wall; where they come from I don't know. A moment later they pass, over thirty yards away, leaving a fine bird to bear me company. Thereupon I return to the first corner, missing a snipe with two barrels *en route*, and wait for more birds to come along my way.

They do not come, except in the shape of golden plover just out of range; and when I cautiously climb the sea-wall and peep over, the tide is arriving rapidly, the farthest water is all aglow with sunlight, and far out to sea are dark groups of birds floating at ease upon the water ready to fly miles away at the sight of a man, a punt, or a gun. Clearly they have no wish to come inland.

I wait patiently for some time, and am rewarded. Not by any species of wildfowl, but by a great, big hare that comes from its form in the ploughed meadow away on the right and goes out towards the long grass-field by the marsh. I cut its career short.

I gather the spoils of war—one mallard, one widgeon, and the hare—and I make the best of my way homewards. Gulls and rooks clamour in the newly ploughed field; Hodge, coming forth to his labours, greets me in the broad accents of Landshire. It has not been a great morning, though sufficiently good to atone for the time and trouble, and has given me valuable information. There are wildfowl at Thorndyke. With this knowledge I shall be justified in gathering half-a-dozen good men and true, and lining the sea-wall towards the end of some afternoon in the near future. Then, when the mallard, widgeon, and teal go out to the sea at sunset, they will pass over some of the guns, if not over all, with results that should remain to be seen.

S. L. B.

Mr. John Hollingshead's benefit was a financial, social, and artistic success. The gross amount of the benefit will probably reach about £1500, and the expenses, owing to the liberality of the Empire directors, will be very trifling. Mr. Hollingshead's acknowledgments in the programme indicated the richly merited generosity which he (the doyen of benefit-promoters for others) met with in every direction.

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London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Very touching and characteristic was the action of our beloved Sovereign in sending Princess Henry of Battenberg to Netley Hospital in order to convey to the wounded who had just arrived from South Africa their Queen's sympathy and admiration. By Her Majesty's special wish, the visit of the Princesses—for Princess Henry was accompanied by one of her nieces—was treated as entirely private; but a number of very interesting photographs were taken specially for the Queen, who was thus able to realise exactly the scene in the wards and the appearance presented by the patients. Her Majesty is only waiting till a further contingent of wounded have been landed at Southampton in order to herself go over to the Royal Victoria Hospital, of which she laid the first stone some forty-four years ago, and in which the Royal Family have always had unusual interest, owing to the fact that Prince Albert devoted much of his leisure time during the last five years of his life to perfecting all the sanitary arrangements. In this he was greatly assisted by the hygienic and medical experts of the day, including, of course, Miss Florence Nightingale.

Quite an extraordinary number of fathers and sons are together at "the front," and some of Lord Roberts' own friends and comrades-in-arms have had to endure the same bitter sorrow as he has had himself. This is notably the case with General Brabant, one of the most striking and popular military personalities of South Africa, whose son, Captain Brabant, of the Imperial Light Horse, was killed during the recent sortie at Ladysmith. As to the brothers now in South Africa, they might well form—especially if "Tommys" be included—quite an army in themselves. Apropos of this fact, I hear that the Duchess of York has received very touching messages from the Princes of the house of Teck. Princess Adolphus—for, whatever those learned in such matters may declare, it does not appear as if the late Duke of Teck's eldest son means to take over his ducal title—is said to be going out to South Africa very shortly; if so, she will very probably avail herself of the escort of her young nephew, the Duke of Westminster, and her three little children will share, for a time at least, the charming Sandringham Cottage nurseries of their Royal cousins.

The Duke of Westminster, who starts on the 10th for South Africa, after having made a phenomenally short stay in England—where, however, he managed to transact a huge amount of business and to delight the good people of Chester with several glimpses of him whom they will now have to regard as their new chieftain—has been preceded to "the front" by his uncle and heir-presumptive, Lord Arthur Grosvenor. Lord and Lady Arthur are both popular in Society; the latter, *née* Sheffield, is as keen a sportswoman as are all her sisters-in-law, and Lord Arthur himself has long been considered one of the best shots in the kingdom. Only one life, that of the young Duke of Westminster, stands between himself and the dukedom. Lord Arthur is only just forty, and has devoted a good deal of his spare time to organising the Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry. Since their marriage, he and Lady Arthur have lived at a charming place, Broxton, near Chester; but there now seems some idea that, owing to the terms of the late Duke's will, they are to be handed over to Saighton Grange, which has been so long the home of the Countess Grosvenor and of Mr. George Wyndham. Lord Arthur has a son and heir, who is just five years old. The late Duke's third son, Lord Henry, has also only one son, whose birth took place under very tragic circumstances, for it cost his mother her life six years ago. The three younger uncles of the Duke of Westminster are all unmarried.

When, some ten days ago, General Buller's despatch relating to our withdrawal from Spion Kop was received here, much curiosity was naturally felt as to the personality of the officer who had directed the movement. As will be remembered, Sir Redvers first merely referred to him as "the officer who succeeded Major-General Woodgate," without being more explicit. Last Thursday, however, the publication of fuller details of the eventful operation cleared up the matter, for it was then authoritatively stated that the officer in question was Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. Thorneycroft. The telegram announcing this also placed on record General Buller's complete approval of his subordinate's action, thereby effectually disposing of the idea (hitherto prevailing) that it had been made against his wishes.

Colonel Thorneycroft, who belongs to the Royal Scots Fusiliers, entered the Army about twenty years ago, and served in both the Zulu War of 1879 and the Transvaal campaign of 1881. In this latter he formed one of the garrison of Pretoria during its siege at the hands of the Boers. As a Major of his regiment, he was sent to Natal, last September, to take up the appointment of a Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General there, and while thus employed was made a "local" Lieutenant-Colonel. When hostilities broke out, he was given the command of the regiment of Mounted Infantry known as "Thorneycroft's Rifles." This corps has already covered itself with undying glory over and over again, and at Spion's Kop alone it had six officers and twenty men killed, and four officers and forty-two men wounded. By the way—despite the general impression to the contrary—Colonel Thorneycroft is not related to the Chiswick shipbuilding family; indeed, they spell their name "Thornycroft."

The beautiful Countess Annesley is one of the most charming and brilliant of Irish peeresses. She is a keen sportswoman, and quite noted as a follower of Izaak Walton's gentle art, and yet, before her marriage to her cousin, Lord Annesley, she had spent most of her leisure time in the wards of the greater Dublin hospitals, delighting the patients with her cheery presence and dulcet voice. Even now, she always makes a point of visiting her old haunts when she happens to be in or near Dublin, and she is literally worshipped by the Irish poor.

Castlewellan, Lord and Lady Annesley's Irish seat, is one of the most splendid places in the United Kingdom, and is situated in the heart of the Mourne Mountains. It is while staying there that she is able to enjoy her love of fishing, a number of Loch Leven trout being yearly transported to the picturesque lake which forms the most remarkable feature of the grounds.

Lord and Lady Annesley are almost as fortunate in their London house, Annesley Lodge occupying a unique situation near the Regent's Park, and boasting of a lovely town-garden. *Née* Armytage-Moore, the young Countess is her husband's second wife. She is very fond of her two step-children, of whom Lady Mabel is only just "out," while Lord Glerawly is but sixteen. Her own two little girls, Lady Clare and Lady Constance, bid fair to become in time as lovely as their mother.

To a Stanley a Cavendish succeeds in the Lobby of the House of Commons. The heir to the Earl of Derby having gone away to fight, he has been succeeded temporarily as a Government Whip by Mr. Victor Cavendish, who

is not only the Duke of Devonshire's nephew, but also the son-in-law of the Secretary of State for War. Mr. Cavendish has always spent a good deal of time in the Lobby, but his new position is indicated by the fact that he now appears bare-headed. Lord Stanley will be missed. The other Whips take a mechanical view of their duties, whereas Lord Stanley showed skill in dealing with men, and his skill was turned to good account in oiling the Parliamentary machine. Mr. Cavendish has, like him, the advantage of knowing everybody, and of possessing an easy temper. He lacks, however, the bluff, breezy manner of Lord Stanley, who was as familiar with the Nationalists as with his own side.

Mr. Milman, who succeeds Sir Reginald Palgrave as Clerk of the House of Commons, has been for thirty years at the table. During nearly half of that period he has been Clerk Assistant. He is greatly bent, but is an intrepid cyclist. Nobody knows the rules of the House better. He sends a whisper from the back of his hand to the Speaker, and he coached Mr. Mellor, the Chairman of Committee, during the Home Rule controversies so assiduously that the Irish Members became enraged. "Leave the Chairman alone!" they shouted on one occasion, when he was suspected of influencing Mr. Mellor against them. The second assistant at the table since 1886 has been Mr. Jenkinson. Some of the members do not like Mr. Jenkinson, because, as the censor of printed questions, he exercises his pen freely. They object to his deletion of their covert insinuations or concealed arguments. The Clerks enjoy handsome salaries—£2000, £1500, and £1000 respectively—but they work hard during the Session and have long hours. Of course, their labours are lightened by lengthy holidays. How I envy them!



LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE LOVELY COUNTESS ANNESLEY.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

"Just a scrawl; have got here, eighteen miles from French's force. Go on there at three this afternoon, and shall be introduced in the morning to the Boers," writes the Hon. Robert Beresford from Naauwpoort, on Dec. 23, to his wife. The letter is written in pencil, and goes on to relate many interesting details of that tedious journey of thirty-eight hours across a weird country. Mr. Beresford shared his compartment with a Boer spy, but not unknowingly, as a detective quietly informed him of the true character of his fellow-passenger as the train left Cape Town. Mr. Beresford writes succinctly that the spy "will have something to remember." He describes "soldiers everywhere, Volunteers patrolling the line under the command of ferocious-looking Mayors," and, amongst other curious bits of information gleaned *en route* about the Boers, learned that they "carry all their money on them, and never have banking-accounts."

On leaving London for the Cape, Mr. Beresford carried a full and somewhat expensive travelling-kit. He wrote that much of it was useless, as practically everything one wants is to be got in Cape Town. This is a hint of no little value to those contemplating a trip to "the front," or as near as one can get to it. Mr. Beresford represents the Central News Agency at "the front," and is one of that small but devoted band of War-Correspondents who incur equal risks with the soldiers without any of the glory or excitement of fighting. The Hon. Robert Beresford is a younger brother of Lord Decies, whose country-seat is Bolam Hall, which stands about seven miles west of Morpeth, Northumberland, between the rivers Wansbeck and Blyth. Mr. Beresford is a splendid shot, and the winner of various prizes in pigeon-shooting matches at Monte Carlo, a member of the Gun Club, Notting Hill, and has seen service as a Captain of the Militia. His elder brother, Captain Beresford, distinguished himself during the Matabele War. A younger brother is also at "the front," having enlisted as a Light Horse trooper on arriving at Cape Town. The Hon. Robert bears a striking resemblance to his popular kinsman, Lord Charles Beresford.

His charming wife, the Hon. Mrs. Beresford, will be shortly assisting in the good work of nursing the Queen's brave wounded soldiers in South Africa. She is one of the loveliest young Society women in London, and was Miss Delia O'Sullivan, of County Kerry, Killarney. She is a worthy representative of that most beautiful region of the Emerald Isle, being in every way a typical Irish beauty. At one time

will be accompanied by her pretty little sister, Miss Anne O'Sullivan, when she leaves for the Cape. There is not much brightness in old London Town with all this constant drain of its bravery and beauty



AN IRISH BEAUTY (HON. MRS. BERESFORD) WHO IS TO DEVOTE HERSELF IN SOUTH AFRICA TO NURSING THE SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

going to South Africa; but what there is left will be dimmer through the absence of one of its most charming Society leaders.

There is no indiscretion in stating that the spirited reference to the war in South Africa in the Queen's Speech was the outcome of Her Majesty's own wish that the gallantry of her soldiers, sailors, and marines should be brought to the notice of her Empire. The devoted interest which our Sovereign Lady takes in the campaign is so intense as to be distressing at times to those in attendance on her; but it will gratify the hearts of our brave fellows at the Seat of War to know that the Queen has been unflinching in her desire to secure "Peace with Honour." The "Stop the War" movement—if it can, indeed, be called a movement—finds no sympathisers at Court. Such men as Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. J. E. Southall, of Birmingham, the Rev. Alfred Smith, curate of Morpeth, the Rev. F. Cleel, Congregational Minister of Hackney, Dr. C. A. Maginn, of Clonfert, and Mr. Arnold Lupton may believe that Kruger and Company "are fighting for Freedom and Fatherland with the unanimous support of Europe, except Turkey"; but Britons, not Little Englanders, know that the Boers, having acquired the "Fatherland" in question by the most barbarous cruelty to the natives, are invading the Queen's dominions without just cause. By the way, if the Czar is so anxious for universal peace, why doesn't he threaten with death any of his subjects proceeding to the Transvaal on martial missions intent? I was told the other day, on excellent authority, that the majority of Germans fighting for the Boers come from the Teutonic provinces of Russia. Perhaps this is one way of getting rid of them, for the Slav hates the Teuton.

The idea of Lord Salisbury that Dr. Leyds had only some £850,000 at his disposal to subvert the Continental press is ridiculous. Anybody who knows the Continent could easily point out to him the magnificent buildings of pro-Boer organs which a year ago were confined irregularly up dark and suicidal staircases. This sentence may seem vague to Englishmen, but on the Continent there are journals that reappear and disappear in a strange fashion, and can be rented out by any man who will pay the printer's bill and the newsboys. In Paris alone Leyds spent over a solid million of money.

Here is a delightful extract from my mail-bag—

Natal Field Force. Dec. 21, 1899.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have forwarded to you a copy of *The Sketch*, dated June 1, 1898. The particulars of its coming into my possession are: Yesterday (20th) two scouts reported a number of Boers looting in a north-west direction towards the Drakensberg Mountains, and at five o'clock they were seen driving cattle towards a wood about eight miles from camp. My troop turned out and proceeded in the direction of the wood, and found traces of the Boers, but, night coming on, we could not pursue. In a hollow below the wood was a farmhouse which the Boers had looted, and all that was left intact was a saucepan and the copy of *The Sketch*. Why they had not destroyed *The Sketch* I cannot understand, as in several farms I have seen the Boers had destroyed all they could not take away. Hoping this will prove interesting to you, I may also mention that the men of my troop all looked through *The Sketch* by candle-light when I got back at 8.45, and all were pleased to see a copy of the good old *Sketch*. And now, sir, wishing yourself and *The Sketch* every success, I remain yours, &c.,

JACK LOCKYER (Trooper).



THE HON. ROBERT BERESFORD, AT PRESENT WITH GENERAL FRENCH'S DIVISION NEAR COLESBERG.

Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

there was a prospect of the stage being the gainer of another beautiful actress, had she elected to remain there, where she was known as Miss Delia St. Clair; but fate and fortune decreed otherwise. Lady Decies resides at Hewart Hall, York, with her youngest daughter, the Hon. Kettie Beresford, who is a great beauty. The Hon. Mrs. Beresford

Lord Dudley (whose portrait I give on page 117) will find himself at "the front" in a few days, and should prove an ideal soldier. He is three-and-thirty, is a first-rate shot, a fine horseman, and he has seen a good deal of Colonial life, for just about the time he succeeded his father he went on a hunting and fishing tour round the world, and this included some big-game shooting in Canada and the Rockies. The Wards have always been a fighting race, and Lord Dudley has already four brothers in South Africa. Accordingly, much sympathy and admiration may be spared for his plucky mother, the beautiful Georgiana, Lady Dudley, who, as all the world knows, is quite absorbed in her children. In a short time from now she will not only have five sons on active service, but also her son-in-law, Lord Wolverton.

The present Lady Dudley, *née* Miss Gurney, was the adopted daughter of the late Duke of Bedford and Adeline, Duchess of Bedford. Her marriage to one of the best *partis* in the kingdom was quite a romance, and aroused much interest at the time. Notwithstanding the present fall in agricultural property, Lord Dudley is one of the wealthiest members of the House of Lords, though his income, large as it is, is somewhat fluctuating in nature. The late Lord Dudley left his six younger children close on a million; but, even as it is, Lord and Lady Dudley must enjoy an income of something like £100,000 a-year; therefore, it is the more to their credit that they both take so intelligent an interest in social and philanthropic work. Lord Dudley won, as Mayor of the town from which he takes his title, golden opinions from the inhabitants, and he also proved a wise and sensible London County Councillor. During her husband's absence in South Africa, Lady Dudley and her two little children, Viscount Ednam and Lady Gladys Ward, will spend a good deal of their time with Georgiana, Lady Dudley, and with Adeline, Duchess of Bedford.

Accompanying, as its Commanding Officer, the third (and final) contingent of the City of London Imperial Volunteers, which left

Southampton for the Cape on the 27th ult., was Lieutenant-Colonel and Honorary Colonel A. G. Pawle, V.D. This officer has been actively associated with the Volunteer movement for some years past, and obtained field rank in his regiment—the 18th Middlesex V.R.C.—in 1896. Since his connection with it, the standard of efficiency attained to by this battalion has been materially raised, and at the present moment it is undoubtedly one of the smartest in existence. The letters "V.D." after Colonel Pawle's name indicate that he is one of those upon whom the Volunteer Officer's Decoration has been conferred for long and valuable service with the Auxiliary Forces. In South Africa, he will be Second-in-Command of the Infantry Division of the "C.I.V.," Lieutenant-Colonel the Earl of Albemarle being the officer in chief command. Colonel Pawle has just been gazetted a substantive Major in the Army.

While high and low, rich and poor, are giving according to their means to the various War Funds for the benefit of the relatives of our brave soldiers (writes a correspondent), it seems to me one of the worst features of the war that the coal "rings" and those companies which control the importation of meat seem bent on making a profit under cover of the country's misfortunes. If the Admiralty have purchased large quantities of Welsh steam-coal, there seems absolutely no reason why house-coal, which comes mostly from the North, should go up so alarmingly in price, and certainly our troops in South Africa are not

living on "frozen mutton." In the case of coal, the abnormally mild winter would quite counterbalance any increased call for fuel owing to the war. It is to be feared that a considerable proportion of the grants made to the needy relatives of our brave Tommies will go to swell the receipts of the companies which—having no bowels—are running prices up. Truly we are a "nation of shopkeepers," or rather, a nation suffering from the unpatriotic commercial instincts of a minority which, knowing how the war engages the attention of all, seizes the opportunity to snatch an unreasonable profit from the people who can least afford it.



CAPTAIN CONGRIEVE, THE FIRST SOLDIER TO BE RECOMMENDED FOR THE V.C. IN THE WAR WITH THE BOERS.

Photo by Knight, Aldershot.



LIEUT.-COLONEL PAWLE, C.I.V., COMMANDING CONTINGENT ON BOARD THE "PEMBROKE CASTLE," WHICH LEFT SOUTHAMPTON JAN. 27.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



MAJOR-GENERAL B. B. D. CAMPBELL, TO COMMAND THE 16TH BRIGADE IN THE EIGHTH DIVISION FOR SOUTH AFRICA

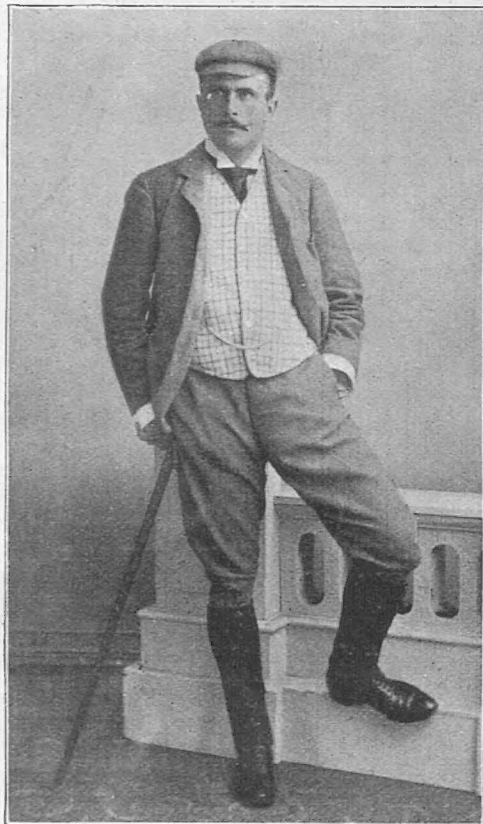
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

Major-General Barrington Bulkley Douglas Campbell, M.V.O., who commands the 16th Brigade of the newly mobilised 8th Division for active service in South Africa, is a Guardsman of many years' experience. Indeed, he joined the Army—as a subaltern of the Scots Guards—so long ago as 1864, and since that date has passed through all the intervening ranks to that of Colonel of the regiment. He went through the Egyptian War of 1882 with the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards, and was present at the engagement of El Magfar and Tel-el-Mahuta, as well as at the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. For his services on these occasions he wears the Egyptian medal and the Khedivial bronze star. He has also been made a Member of the Royal Victorian Order.

The distinction of being the first soldier—officer or private—to be recommended for the Victoria Cross during the present campaign belongs to Captain Walter Norris Congreve, of the Rifle Brigade. The circumstances under which this high honour was gained occurred at the memorable Battle of Colenso, when Captain Congreve made a most gallant attempt to save our field-guns from falling into the hands of the enemy. It is gratifying to find that his conspicuous valour on this occasion has been so promptly recognised. In the old days, months often elapsed before any official notice was taken of distinguished service in the field: Captain Congreve has about fifteen years' service in his regiment, but the present is his first experience of war. He has earned

some renown for his prowess as a rifle-shot, and has filled the responsible post of District-Inspector of Musketry at Aldershot.

Very widespread sympathy will be felt with the whole Grenfell family, so deservedly popular in general and in military society, in the great loss they have sustained in the death of Mr. C. G. Grenfell, of Thornycroft's Horse, a brother of Mr. W. H. Grenfell, of Taplow Court. The Grenfells are a very united family, and it would be hard to find a finer set of athletes, Mr. "Willie" Grenfell having been, as all the world knows, President of the O.U.A.C. and the O.U.B.C., after having been in his day the best cricketer in the Harrow eleven. Taplow Court will be sadly shorn of its glories this year, the more so that the popular master of that lovely riverside mansion



CAPTAIN BIRCH, KILLED AT SPION KOP.
Photo by Birtles, Warrington.

is himself going out to "the front" very shortly, and it is not probable that, during his absence, Mrs. Grenfell will care to entertain even on a very small scale. The death of Mr. C. G. Grenfell places a number of prominent people in mourning, including, of course, General Sir Francis Grenfell—who lost, it will be remembered, two nephews in the last Sudan campaign—and also the whole Howard clan, for the late officer's mother was a niece of the late Earl of Carlisle.

It is always well to hear praise of a good man. Last Saturday week, I heard one of the greatest of art-critics say, "The sketch by Melton Prior of Ladysmith, in the *Illustrated London News*, is the most graphic and brilliant that I have ever seen." And the Royal Academician to whom he was talking thoroughly endorsed his view. Melton Prior is truly wondrous in his method and his constantly perfect work.

Some time ago I gave some particulars of Count Zeppelin's marvellous air-ship. I now hear that there is very little doubt that this invention may turn out to be of a really practical nature—indeed, one of the leading authorities of aeronautics declares that in still weather the air-ship will undoubtedly prove navigable. In any case, the invention is arousing an extraordinary amount of interest among Continental military experts. During many years past, several French Engineer officers have been devoting all their time to what may be called the balloon problem, and some very curious experiments have been made. None, however, seem to have been as successful as confidently expects to be Count Zeppelin. The first serious attempt at a long ascent of the air-ship is to take place early in May. The "crew" will consist of four men—the inventor, an engineer, a machinist, and a steersman.

Every mail brings numerous instances of the gallantry of our brave officers and men, so fearlessly and nobly fighting for their Queen and

Country in South Africa. During the advance of Colonel Porter's Brigade on Jan. 16, a detachment of the Household Cavalry, which formed the advance-guard under Captain Ferguson, was ordered to reconnoitre the kopjes to the north-west of Kleinfontein. The party, which was commanded by Lieutenant de Crespigny, had almost reached the top of the kopje when it was met by a heavy fire from the Boers. Trooper Kemp's horse bolted; Trooper Jaager was wounded, and his horse ran off; Lieutenant de Crespigny, whose horse was twice hit, took that of Shoeing-Smith Coulson, and rode back to save Jaager. The latter was too exhausted to mount, and the Lieutenant bade him hold on to the stirrup-leather. Meanwhile, they were subjected to a heavy fire, and the horse was twice wounded. Lieutenant de Crespigny then dismounted and took the other stirrup, both men thus continuing their retreat. Another trooper then came up and took Jaager behind him on his horse, the Lieutenant waiting until Coulson came up with his wounded charger. Surely such a deed is worthy of something more than mere praise.



LIEUTENANT C. C. DE CRESPIGNY, OF
THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS.
Photo by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.

The action of the French Censor in allowing the Athénée Comique to produce the play by Weiner, or "De Croisset," as he prefers to somewhat aristocratically describe himself, passes understanding. "L'Homme à l'Oreille Coupée" was a completely unnecessary and objectionable farce, and, to my own knowledge, many of the modistes who were present at the rehearsals to do the "trying-on" of the costumes left the house before the last act. What is bewildering is the history of the inner working of the Censure. It is candidly admitted, now that the play is suppressed by the police, that it was blue-pencilled from end to end by the Censor himself, but that one of the employés in the office, at the instance of the author and the manager, gave his signature and permission. "What mortal security has Paris for itself under such a delirious system?" everyone is asking. Senator Béranger may have his faults, and may exaggerate the necessity of interfering with Lutetia's amusements, but he has his uses if such a rough-and-ready system prevails at the Ministry of Fine Arts.



SECOND-LIEUTENANT H. G. FRENCH-BREWSTER, KILLED NEAR
SPION KOP.
Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

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The brand-new St. James's Theatre, a blaze of crimson and gold as regards colour, crude as regards the hard lines of the circles, looked very handsome indeed when filled with a brilliant first-night audience on Feb. 1. So, presumably, that Royalty might not be hurried over the after-dinner coffee and cigarette, the hour for commencing was delayed a quarter of an hour or so, and some impatience was evinced by the democratic "Gods" at the tardiness of Madame Albani in coming before the rather sombre tapestry curtain to sing "God Save the Queen." When the rich-voiced Canadian nightingale, who is such a prime favourite of the Queen, did come on, beaming and smiling with wonted charm and graciousness, we all rose to accord fullest sympathy to the National Anthem, in the chorus of which joined with special heartiness the best-gowned lady in the house—a graceful and captivating Irish girl sitting just in front of me in the Dress Circle. The suave lines of that exquisite white silk dress fitted the figure most exquisitely, and I am sure the maker must be a woman of genius. *The Sketch's* own sweet, chic "Sybil" would deem it but just to eulogise did she know her name.

the bewitching Ariel of the Long Acre times now endowed with matured charms—no longer possible to bid your faithful Ariel fly! Dr. Lennox Browne (accompanied by amiable Madame)—no longer bears such a close resemblance to Clement Scott, conspicuous by his absence. His locks more hyacinthine than ever, the Editor of the *Sphere* breathed fearlessly the same air as the acute young Editor of the *Spear*. And one and all agreed that "Rupert of Hentzau" was a fair specimen of the good old "Vic." cut-and-thrust drama. But that is another story.

At a time when the English theatres are having a severe fight for existence, it is not certain that the second experiment during this decade of founding a German theatre in London will be altogether successful. The St. George's Hall, the present scene of action, has a rather small stage for the presentation of complicated pieces, but otherwise may serve very well. The Deutsches Theatre began last week by a performance of L'Arronge's piece, "Mein Leopold," which was received with prodigious laughter by a very German audience. The play is a mixture



INTERIOR OF THE RENOVATED ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, OPENED BY MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, SOLE LESSEE, ON FEB. 1 WITH MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S PISTOL-SHOT, CUT-AND-THRUST DRAMATISATION OF "RUPERT OF HENTZAU."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

In accordance with what I cannot help saying is a growing bad habit, of turning the lights very low during the actual performance, the auditorium was in gloom for the greater part of the evening. The radiant light of the *entr'actes* was proportionately welcome. It enabled H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who was in the Royal Box (O.P.) with the young-looking Duke of Fife, the fair Duchess, and a member of the Royal suite, to use his lorgnette freely, and to be lorgnetted with a vengeance. The Prince (who is ever one of the most attentive of listeners at the Play) looked in very good health, one was glad to note. His eldest daughter was in mourning. Many familiar faces, alas! were missing. Of the stallites, I own the most interesting personage to me was Mr. Pincro, whose keen, intellectual features, eloquent of the sharp wit and humour abounding in "The Gay Lord Quex," are noticeable in any assemblage. Close by sat the similarly keen-visaged Solicitor in whose breast all the secrets of London Society are supposed to be locked (locked securely; no doubt). Sir George Lewis. Triumphs of the Senate and of the Stage alike were recalled by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Labouchere: the arch humorist of the House sparer than ever;

of real drama and incidental song such as we have not seen in London for a long time. To give an idea of the effect, I may suggest that if, in such a play as "The Manxman," Mr. Wilson Barrett were to make one of his entries with a ditty, sung over the footlights, or Miss Jeffreys were to finish a scene with a couple of comic songs, one would have something like "Mein Leopold." The sense of character-drawing, and even broad humour of dialogue, cannot be denied, and the tale of the parvenu shoemaker, his purse-proud son, and ill-treated kind of Cordelia daughter is far from uninteresting. A capital company has been engaged, and the piece was presented very briskly. Frequent changes of bill form part of the scheme of the season, many of the seats for which will be engrossed by regular subscribers.

The latest big Parisian melodramatic success, namely, M. Deconreille's new drama, "A Perpète," has, after all, just been secured by the firm of Hardie, Von Leer, and Gordyn for production at an important theatre. The adaptation for the English stage is to be undertaken by that expert at that kind of thing, Mr. George R. Sims ("Dagonet").

On Sunday evening, Jan. 28, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild gave a complimentary banquet to Mr. Georges Jacobi, his orchestra, and the officials of the new London Hippodrome at the Trocadero Restaurant. In the absence of Mr. de Rothschild, the chair was taken by Mr. Jacobi.



MR. FRANK ALLEN,
GENERAL MANAGER THE LONDON HIPPODROME
AND OF MOSS'S UNITED EMPIRES, LTD.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

After toasting "The Queen," "The Army and Navy," &c., Mr. Frank Allen rose on behalf of Mr. H. E. Moss to respond for the directors of Moss's United Empires. In a delightfully tasteful little speech, he paid great homage to his co-directors. As the General Manager of the largest amusement enterprise in the world, he was proud to be an officer aboard the "Guvnor's ship." Mr. Frank Parker responded for the "Show," and Mr. H. W. Garrick for the "Press." *The Sketch* portrays Mr. Allen and Mr. Parker with pleasure.

Mr. Eric Lewis, whose excellent performance in "The Royal Family" has done much to ensure the success of Captain Marshall's delightful comedy, began his public career at Brighton as a drawing-room entertainer, and is well known

for his amusing musical sketches. One of his earliest London engagements was at the Savoy, where he understudied Mr. George Grossmith and played the leading parts in "curtain-raisers." During the three years that he was understudying, he never once had an opportunity of appearing in a Grossmith part, but, strange to say, within two weeks of his retirement from the Savoy, Mr. Grossmith fell ill.

That very neat and precise manner which marks his performances is one of Mr. Lewis's greatest characteristics. He is particular to a degree, and is usually "made up" and ready to go on to the stage some time before he is "called." A year or two ago, however, he only just escaped keeping the curtain down and probably stopping the performance for some half-an-hour or more. On the second night of "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," at the Court, he had occasion to travel up to Waterloo, but, by one of those freaks so dear to the South-Western Railway, his train lingered for nearly an hour between Vauxhall and Waterloo. As the time approached for his appearance on the stage, he grew more and more anxious, till at last, in spite of the expostulations of the officials, he tramped along the line back to Vauxhall Station, and arrived at the theatre with a minute or so in hand.

However, the best of us will sometimes make a mistake, and even Mr. Lewis has been known to miss an entrance. One evening, during the run of Mr. Carton's successful comedy, "Lord and Lady Algy," being detained through no fault of his own, Mr. Lewis was a trifle late in making his first entrance. This little contretemps so worried him that he at once sought out Mr. Hawtrej, in order to make full explanations and apologies. These apologies, however, were so lengthy that, while he was still explaining the unfortunate occurrence, both the audience and the players were again anxiously awaiting the second entrance of Lord Quarmby.

It would be difficult to find a more genial and kindly personality than that of the late Canon Twells, who was not only a well-known hymn-writer and preacher, but also a keen humorist and excellent raconteur. One of his favourite stories tells of two little urchins who were taken into a London mission-hall one cold winter night. While the two youngsters were warming themselves over a blazing fire at one end of the hall, a party of children were singing hymns at the other. At that moment they struck up, "There's a Friend for Little Children." On hearing this line, one of the urchins remarked to his companion, "We ain't seen 'im, 'ave we?" "No, we ain't," replied the other; but, on hearing the next line, "Above the bright blue skies," he added, "Ah! that accounts for it, don't it?"



MR. FRANK PARKER,
STAGE-MANAGER OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME.
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

We have now tasted the Parliamentary *hors d'œuvres* of the Grand Hotel, St. Stephen's, and may be said to have got as far as the fish. Possibly our *chefs* from Downing Street have not quite risen to the occasion, have not given us the solid fare we expected, but they have none of them been dismissed. Few restaurants are good at more than one dish. Our Irish Stew has a European reputation, and is rarely "off." The Restaurant Loubet made a sensation the other day with its *consommé Assumptioniste*, while *ragoût de Czech* is a standing-dish at the rival establishment at Vienna: our menu contains no surprises; war—the joint—will be the *pièce de résistance*, and let us hope there will be nothing further in the nature of a hash.

But the true English gentleman does not merely eat to live. The vulgar Parliament—with a purpose—is to be discouraged. The actual benefit derived might be achieved in a few minutes, but that is not the point. We relish eating; let us take time to do it properly. Let us enjoy it, like our other pleasures, sadly, avoiding the free-and-easy manners of the Reichsrath and the etiquette of that boxing-club, the Paris Chamber of Deputies, where "discussion" of the good things is punctuated with ink-bottles and desk-lids. Our House of Commons, by the wisdom of our forefathers, is the only one in the world not seating more than half its members. A "scene" instantly packs it, and there is no room for any scientific exhibition of the "noble art."

More important still, however, Parliament fills London; it "brings the young people together." Half of smart bachelordom is at "the front," and mamma of the marriageable daughters is at bay. The *terrain* operated over at balls and dances is greatly reduced, her supplies are cut off, and "engagements" consequently few. She has exchanged the strategical defensive for the tactical offensive, and the bachelor who leaves his intrenchments in St. James's Street or Pall Mall had better show the white flag and be captured quietly.

Already signs are many that khaki will be as "much worn" this season as it is (in two senses) in South Africa. Khaki golf-suits and serge are accomplished facts. As in the universal enamel craze pictured by Mr. Jerome (during which the canary and the Family Bible were forcibly painted), we may look for the khaki walking-cane, dress-suit, and bicycle. Nay, a Khaki Cycle Company has just been registered, which gives, of course, a sovereign to a War Fund on every cycle sold. Why not khaki cabs, marked "Threepence forwarded to the Soldiers and Sailors' for every mile you go in my cab," or notices outside khaki restaurants, "Drink a brandy-and-soda, and send a nightcap to 'the front'?" By constant refreshment one could relieve untold misery.

It will be a Jingo season. A tailoring paper prophesies a fashionable vogue for the Australian-Lancer variety of the soft felt hat, but one hesitates to believe that either this or the hob-nailed boot will become *de rigueur* in the House of Lords and in Bond Street. But we have the Redvers Buller and Joe Chamberlain orchids, "Kruger" cats and dogs innumerable, and, amongst others, the Roberts (Lord, not Arthur) stick-up-turn-down collar, quite a fashionable shape just now.

Whether the House of Commons is really a hot-bed of influenza will soon be proved. Cigars, as well as various preparations of alcohol—remedies sometimes advised for almost every disease—are now found, by acute tobaccoists and spirit-merchants, to be preventives. How fortunate that both are palatable and readily taken! Why is it that the deaths from respiratory diseases excite little attention beside those at "the front"—a mere trifle by comparison? It must be that we dread, not death, but sudden death.

Theatres and churches are said to be equally microbe-haunted. In Brooklyn, by-the-bye, to make his church "as attractive as a theatre" is the theory of a Baptist minister, who in summer will plant a "Gospel-garden" on the roof accordingly. Will this lead to the introduction of the cloak-room (without fees), "act-drop" (for ritualistic churches), and souvenirs handed away when a popular pastor has "run" twenty years consecutively? A smoking-room bar, opened by a bishop, might "reach the young men"—a class difficult for parsons to keep in touch with—and swell the "benefits" taken by temperance and other societies. For that matter, our friend, Captain Coe (I am too orthodox), might suggest that a curate could legally give out the acceptances for coming races from the reading-desk, holding that services want brightening.

But how to make the drama attractive? That is more simple—keep the war-telegrams out of it.

HILL ROWAN.



MDLLE. RITA PRESANO,
WHO PLAYS PRINCE RACKET IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE QUEEN TO VISIT THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.

The Hôtel Angst, to be occupied by the Queen, is situated at the back of the new town of Bordighera—for the quaint old town crowds around a conical rock some distance away—on the Strada Romana, the old road to Rome. It is a big white building, standing in a magnificent garden, six acres in extent, filled with oranges and date-palms and ablaze with flowers. Her Majesty, who will bring no fewer than ninety persons in her suite, will herself occupy that wing over which the name of the hotel is inscribed, as seen in the accompanying view. A few days ago, on behalf of *The Sketch*, I visited the hotel, and found it very comfortable and well-appointed, with a most courteous proprietor in Signor Angst. The rooms which Her Majesty will occupy are beautifully situated, with magnificent views from the windows of the olive-groves, the white houses of the town gleaming here and there through the luxurious palms, with the turquoise Mediterranean as a background. Standing at the window of the Queen's drawing-room, one sees to the left the old rock-village of Bordighera high upon its eminence, and the big, bare rock of Punta Nero falling sheer into the sea; while to the left, away over

THE ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.

The earliest associations of this regiment do not recall to us the undying fame of Marlborough and Wellington; rather must we look to our Far Eastern possessions to trace the glorious career of a regiment that has given its best to the foundation of our Indian Empire.

Clive and Eyre Coote are the magic names before which the proud potentates of the many States of the East Indies learnt to tremble. In 1662 we find Sir Abraham Shipman landing for the defence of Bombay, which place, with Tangier, formed part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza. Sir Abraham's corps, wearing their facings of green—the Queen's favourite colour—was the nucleus of a regiment long after called the 1st Bombay Fusiliers, and now the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Fighting for every inch of ground they gain, against fierce and warlike foes, staunchly enduring the hardships of the Indian climate, names like "Chandernagore," "Plassey," and "Buxar" mark the progress of their victorious career. At Seringapatam (1792), in the first Mysore War, it was a sergeant of the old 1st Bombay Fusiliers, Graham by name, who, leading the forlorn hope of the Light Company,



WHERE THE QUEEN WILL DRIVE IN HER DONKEY-CHAISE: GROUNDS OF THE HÔTEL ANGST, BORDIGHERA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENIGNI, BORDIGHERA.

the grey olives and the broad valley of the Nervia, up which spreads forth a panorama of purple, snow-capped Alps, lies Ventimiglia, dazzlingly white in the sunshine, Mentone crowding around its broad bay, and Cap Martin jutting long and low far into the sea. Indeed, the views are superb, and Her Majesty, who delights in the wonderful picturesqueness of that rugged coast, will, without doubt, find it far more beautiful than Cimiez. The drives obtainable from Bordighera or from San Remo are unequalled in Europe. Up the winding valleys stand the ancient rock-villages of Dolceacqua, Isolabona, Pigna, Ceriana, and Bussana, built on the crests of the high, almost inaccessible, hills in the days of the Saracens, and full of interest everywhere. No more charming place of residence could have been found for the Queen on all the Riviera, for she can here enjoy peace and quiet, without the gaping tourist crowd as in Nice, and at the same time obtain air far more salubrious than that at Cimiez.

English visitors, following Her Majesty's example, have commenced to patronise the Italian Riviera, with the result that, although the season has only commenced a fortnight, the large first-class hotels, such as the handsome Hôtel des Anglais, in San Remo, and the Hôtel Victoria, in the same town, are nearly full; while the Hôtel Angst itself can take only one or two more visitors. In the course of two or three weeks scarcely a bed will be obtainable on the Italian Riviera.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

fell whilst planting the Flag of England on the bastion. "Kirkee" is another honour, and "Beni Boo Ally" tells of their capture, under Sir Lionel Smith, of the pirate stronghold in the Persian Gulf. They assisted at the capture of Aden, they formed the storming column at Mooltan, and through their victory at Goojerat they added another province to our Empire.

When, in 1862, the Indian and Royal Armies were amalgamated, the 1st Bombay Fusiliers were styled the 103rd Foot, and under the Territorial system became associated with a corps that had a kindred history—that is, the old 1st Madras European Regiment, then styled "the 102nd Royal Madras Fusiliers." The history of this gallant corps dates back to the year 1668, and a right brave record is emblazoned on their colours. "Arcot," "Plassey," "Sholingur," speak for themselves. The signal bravery of their Grenadiers at Condore and Wandewash, where Eyre Coote met Lally, shattered the French dominion in India.

The formidable fortress of Nundy Droog, with its terrible natural and artificial obstacles, could not resist their impetuous storming columns, and the "Royal Tiger" conferred on this occasion bears witness of their undaunted valour. Many are the instances of their deeds of daring. Their "honours" tell the story in names such as "Ava," "Pegu," and "Lucknow" to those who under the same old colours are again face to face with an implacable foe.

G. B.

THE QUEEN TO VISIT THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.



THE HÔTEL ANGST, BORDIGHERA, WHERE THE QUEEN IS TO SPEND HER SPRING HOLIDAY.



THE ITALIAN RIVIERA: VIEW TAKEN FROM THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM AT THE HÔTEL ANGST, BORDIGHERA.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BENIGNI, BORDIGHERA.

SIXTH DRAGOON GUARDS (CARABINIERS).

Lieutenant-Colonel Custance, in the terrible time of the Indian Mutiny, commanded as fine a body of men as ever put foot in stirrup. Exactly two months after the arrival of the 6th Dragoon Guards in Meerut, the Mutiny broke out, and forthwith the right wing of the regiment marched, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Custance, with Brigadier-General Wilson to Delhi. Joining Sir H. Barnard's force at Alipore on June 4, we find the Carabiniers attacking the enemy on June 8 at Budlee-ka-serai, and driving him to the walls of Delhi.

Apart from the ordinary duties of cavalry, as the "eyes and ears" of the Army, this right wing of the regiment, constantly under fire, day and night, found men to work the heavy siege-guns. For eighty endless-seeming days they worked their guns incessantly, and, for the final bombardment, manned the advanced siege-battery on the left flank.

In October of the same year we find them employed in congenial cavalry-work. Joining the force of Brigadier Showers, they marched to attack Toorham, who had collected a considerable force in the fort of Rewaree. With the irresistible dash peculiar to the British Dragoon, they captured eighteen guns when Rewaree was taken on Oct. 6. Not quite a week later, on the 12th, marching through Nahur and Dadree, they make the Nawab of Juggpur prisoner. Pushing onward, in a forced march of fifty miles in thirty hours through heavy country, Fort Kamoond is surprised and taken possession of, the greater part of the garrison cut up, fifteen guns and seven and a-half lakhs of rupees captured. Moving with the suddenness and awful force of a cyclone, Furrucknuggar falls before them, surprised, its Nawab a captive. Thence onward in their tempestuous career to punish the rebellious Mawhallies. The Rajah of Balubgarh's fastnesses are no adequate protection to him; in triumph the Carabiniers bring him, a captive, back to Delhi.

In the meantime, Captain Wardlaw's squadron had been giving an extremely practical demonstration of Britain's prowess. Having defeated the Rajah of Nallygurb on July 29, they disperse the rebels at Narnoul on Nov. 16. Pushing on through long, weary marches, they again meet them at Gungaree on Dec. 15. All the enemy's guns were captured, and upwards of two hundred men killed. Not without serious loss, however. Three out of the four officers of the squadron were killed in this action. On the 17th this same squadron was engaged at Puttiallee, and then rejoined the Commander-in-Chief's forces at Futtehgarh, returning to Meerut on Feb. 21, 1858. In this year operations at Lucknow began.

Yet a third squadron of the regiment, under Major Bickerstaff, had been active in another direction. Reaching Shahjehanpore on May 11, the squadron crosses a deep river, charges and routs the enemy, capturing one gun. Finally, a squadron under Captain Bott, a hundred strong all ranks, joins the Roorkee Field Force in January 1858. They meet the enemy at Muggeenah on April 23, and rout him completely, capturing fifteen guns and six elephants.

Like most of our regiments of Dragoon Guards, the Carabiniers began their glorious career as Cuirassiers, the heaviest of heavy cavalry. Raised in 1685 as the 9th Horse, and styled the "Queen Dowager's Regiment," they were equipped in what was, then considered the full panoply of war. Mounted on long-tailed horses of superior weight and power, they

were indeed a brave sight. Clad in armour on head and body, called "backs," "breasts," and "pots," they marked the period of transition between the steel-cased ranks of chivalry, rendered obsolete by the introduction of firearms, and the more mobile cavalry of the present day, that has to combine extreme activity of the individual horseman with the concentrated power of the shock of a modern cavalry charge. Their arms likewise denoted the change that was taking place in the conditions of warfare: a long broadsword—which was, after all, the weapon they relied on most—a pair of pistols, and a short carbine.

The troopers were wont to exhibit bows and bands of green riband on their broad-brimmed hats, and no doubt many a saucy lassie took a pride in the smart appearance of her own special "Tommy," with a daintily tied bow (tied by herself, to be sure) surmounting his honest, sunburnt face. The officers' beavers displayed ostrich-feathers, and both officers and troopers alike decorated their horses' manes and tails with sea-green ribands. Waistcoats and breeches were likewise sea-green. Each troop displayed a sea-green silk damask standard, ornamented

with regimental devices, and surely they, too, were the work of dainty fingers. The first Colonel, Lord Lumley, resigned in 1686, because he could not approve of the Popish Councils which governed the proceedings of the Court. In 1687, James II. conferred the Colonelcy on a steady adherent of the Court, Sir John Talbot. When, however, the King fled to France, and the Prince of Orange assumed Sovereign power, Sir John Talbot resigned, and Sir George Hewitt took command, as the regiment was quite on the side of the Protestant interest, and proved it in 1690 at the Battle of the Boyne and the siege of Limerick, and in 1691 at Portarlington and Aughrim. After the war the regiment was titled the "Carabiniers," subsequently taking part in the operations in Flanders, at Steenkirk in 1692, at Landen in 1693. Under Marlborough they fought their way through Germany, at Blenheim, Ramillies (in which battle a thousand Spanish and Bavarian horse were overthrown and put to flight), Oudenarde, Malplaquet, and many another engagement.

In 1715 the facings of the Carabiniers were changed from sea-green to pale yellow, and in 1746 the regiment was styled

the "3rd Irish Horse," or "Carabiniers." Under this name we find them again taking part in warlike operations in Germany, from 1760-62, at Warburg, Kirch Denkern, and Graebenstein.

Their present style and title date from 1788, and as 6th Dragoon Guards we again find them in Flanders from 1793-94, at Landrécies and Tournay. In 1806 four troops of the regiment proceed to South America, and there take part in the desultory fighting in the streets of Buenos Ayres. In 1838 the regiment had the honour of assisting at the coronation of our beloved Sovereign, and acted as escort to her on the Royal visit to Dublin in 1849. In this year the helmet of the present pattern was first introduced, and two years later the uniform of the regiment was changed from red to blue.

Returning to England in 1852, the band and one squadron of the regiment form part of the funeral-procession of that man of iron, the Duke of Wellington. The troubles in the East took the 6th Dragoon Guards to the Crimea, and twenty years or so later they fought gallantly in the Afghanistan campaign. A grand record of gallant services to their country has thus been emblazoned on their colours.

G. B.



MAJOR ROBIN, IN COMMAND OF THE NEW ZEALAND FORCES (WITH GENERAL FRENCH),
GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO CAPTAIN DAVIS.

Photo by Hosking, Cape Town.



THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS (TOMMY'S SERVANTS) IN SOUTH AFRICA: WAGGON AND TEAM TAKING STORES TO THE FRONT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.



A SCENE FROM THE BATTLE OF COLENSO: SIGNALLING COLONEL KITCHENER'S MESSAGE FOR REINFORCEMENTS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BIOGRAPH COMPANY, LTD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

One most interesting biography was published in January, the Life of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle (Macmillan). The late Mr. Purcell had completed the greater part of it last September, and after his death Mr. Edwin de Lisle, son of the saintly Ambrose, corrected and revised the volumes for the press. In the preface, while regretting the death of the "greatest and most Christian-minded of England's Prime Ministers," he expresses the hope that the many letters from Mr. Gladstone will alone secure a cordial welcome to the work. If these volumes had appeared in Mr. Gladstone's lifetime, and especially during the Home Rule controversy, we can imagine how they would have deepened the suspicion of his casuistry. He described Mr. de Lisle as "an Israelite indeed—in whom is no guile."

I had been re-reading last week Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's fascinating History of England in the time of Wickliffe, which gained one of the *Academy's* "crowns," and it was curious to find that Leicestershire, which was formerly the stronghold of Lollardism, seems to have been in our own time the centre of the Roman revival. Garendon Park and Grace-Dieu Manor—Mr. de Lisle's homes—have a flavour of mediævalism in their names. A chapter had been planned on the "Natural Beauty and Spiritual Influence of Grace-Dieu," and although the son has "not the heart under present circumstances" to write this chapter about his birth-place, one imagines Grace-Dieu a house like Fairladies in "Redgauntlet," where the Misses Arthuret lived safe and snug, unmolested by their Protestant neighbours, and constantly entertaining ecclesiastics of the old religion.

Ambrose de Lisle's nearest relatives were in the Church of England; one uncle was a Bishop, another a violently intolerant Low Church clergyman. He himself was converted when quite a boy by the influence of the Abbé Giraud, one of the many French priests who found employment in England after the French Revolution. The designing priest, who worms his way into families and wins over his pupils to Popery, was a frequent character in the religious fiction of the mid-century, and, like the bold, bad baronet, he had probably some touch with reality. Father Giraud seems, however, to have been an excellent old man, not too much given to proselytising.

The pages which tell how De Lisle founded the Trappist Monastery of Mount St. Bernard on the Charnwood Hills are full of graphic detail, and suggest that Protestant novelists like the Rev. Joseph Hocking might with advantage turn to this biography for materials. So abstemious were the monks that their expenses did not exceed £1 a-week for the whole community, which at the time consisted of eight persons. De Lisle's great aim was to present to the people of England the ascetic side of the Catholic faith. Newman tells in his "Loss or Gain" that it was the severities practised by the Passionists which first won his reverence for their Order, and De Lisle believed that the hard rule of his Trappists would strike the imagination of the people. So timid was the Roman hierarchy at the time that Bishop Walsh advised him to call his monks "an agricultural and philanthropic community," and to avoid the monastic habit.

Many curious letters from Cardinal Newman are included in the biography. In one postscript he expresses the belief that the English nation would probably have returned to the Roman fold if the Scotch had not kept them back. "It is the Scotch Protestant party now which is the life of the opposition to us in Parliament and Exeter Hall. So it seems to me. James II. is, I suppose, the other human cause."

The last week of January showed some slight revival in the publishing world. The cleverest of the week's novels was Halliwell Sutcliffe's "Shameless Wayne" (Unwin): it is a trifle too gruesome for my taste. "Pharaoh's Broker," by Elsworth Douglas (Pearson), is by one of the numerous imitators of Mr. H. G. Wells. These marvellously scientific novels, played out on the planet Mars, are tedious to the last degree to the mere earth-worm.

The *Daily News* list of "The Best Hundred Books for Children" has evidently been composed by the middle-aged and the elderly. One can conceive of elderly politicians like Sir William Harcourt, white-headed ministers like Dr. Guinness Rogers, drawing up these solemn lists from the recollections of their own infancy. As the *Outlook* pertinently remarks, "What child without spectacles is going to read (for fun) 'Feats on the Fjord,' 'Westward Ho!,' 'Longfellow's Poems,' 'Parables from Nature,' or 'Don Quixote'?"

The *Speaker*, in a long review of "Unwritten Laws and Ideals," refers to the editor as Mr. Pitcairn. It ought, of course, to be Miss E. H. Pitcairn, who is the daughter of the late Canon Pitcairn, and has for some years been a contributor to the *Times* and the *Guardian*. The book has been exceedingly well noticed, and I am glad to hear it is doing well, for the cost of production was, I believe, very heavy.

One of the late Mr. Blackmore's most intimate friends was Mrs. Freiligrath-Krocker, daughter of the famous poet, Freiligrath. Since her husband's death, Mrs. Krocker has retained the family home at Honor Oak, where her mother, the poet's widow, lived with her for many years.

NEW "TURNS" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ACROBATIC ARABS.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the inner life of Arabs to know whether acrobatic exercises form a component part of their natural diurnal existence, but it would certainly seem that the "Achmed Ibrahim Bedouin Arabs" at the Crystal Palace are to the athletic manner born. You meet them during the day leisurely promenading the aisles and courts of the crystal edifice. They are mostly habited in their native garb, with red, conical cap, glossy top-boots, and gay and ample body-garments. They look you up-and-down with infinite self-superiority, at which you feel convinced that the true, complacent Oriental dignity is a most ennobling thing. Their dresses certainly throw into unwelcome prominence the unromantic character of the British coat-and-trousers.

Well, later, you will pass into the circus-enclosure, and again encounter the Bedouin Arabs. But what a transformation has taken place! They seem to have changed, body and soul. They have doffed their quiet composure and placidity with their walk-abroad clothes, and now appear in red-and-white costumes of pronounced pattern, and are full of significant and uncontrollable excitement. Their dresses can most aptly be described as glorified and liberal bathing-costumes. The ladies have unloosed their raven locks, the better to emphasise, I take it, the wild and unrestrained character of their performance. They advance to the ring like Dervish scouts from Omdurman, and were it not for their dusky skins, I dare venture to assert you would be at a loss to recognise any of those you had seen earlier in the day.

With sundry whoops and yells, they plunge, *sans cérémonie*, into the most vigorous and determined acrobatic performance it were possible to conceive. They treat with the utmost contempt all accepted laws of gravitation, and describe forms and figures of which my geometrical researches have not spoken. They indulge in "solo" tricks and "concerted" formations; they gyrate, revolve, and evolve with bewildering velocity and masterful precision, around the ring, across it, up in the air—in fact, wherever and however a human body may or can dispose itself, there with facility will an Ibrahim Bedouin Arab deposit himself. All the time they are emitting little hoots and screeches, which appear to be a kind of incentive for each and every one to do his or her level best to astonish "friends in front."

Perhaps the most remarkable features of the "turn" are the "pyramid formations," one of which in particular demonstrates that Manager Ibrahim is possessed of almost unlimited strength. The troupe, ten in number, by means of climbing, plus leaping, form themselves into a human pyramid, Ibrahim literally supporting the whole of his troupe. He subsequently informed me, in a chat I was privileged to have with him, that at this particular moment his physical responsibility amounts to eleven hundredweight. Not in any boastful spirit did he convey this fact, but in the most modest mood. I felt admiration rather than envy. He also informed me that his troupe included the only two native Arab lady tumblers in the world, a fact which caused quite a pleasant Pickwickian feeling to glow through my system, when I reflected that I had been permitted to "discover," so to speak, these interesting human female phenomena.

The "Achmed Ibrahim Bedouin Arabs" will be seen at the coming Paris Exhibition.

EQUESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.

In the circus entertainment at the Crystal Palace there is a splendid exhibition of skilful horsemanship by Miss Louise and Mr. Robert Cottrell. They are described as "Olympian Acrobats on Horseback," and Miss Louise is further alluded to as "the only lady in the world who carries a man on horseback." The carrying process is quite sensational, as is, indeed, the whole performance of the Cottrells. A couple of horses, looking slick and well, and as fat as butter, are put to a trot round the ring, the while Miss Louise stands with a foot on the back of each, carrying Mr. Cottrell in various nicely balanced positions. In fact, a complete acrobatic performance is gone through with no other support than the moving backs of the equine assistants. Mr. Cottrell displays the most wonderful activity, and both are as sure-footed as goats. They exhibit quite a liberal taste for chromatic costumes, which have as many changes as the rainbow has hues. Their entertainment also is of a varied character, including, as it does, balancing, leaping, riding, jumping, &c. Sometimes Miss Louise is accompanied by her sister, the two ladies first charming their audience by appearing in elegant evening-dresses, and then thrilling them with their courage and daring intrepidity. They jump on and off the horses without any hand-assistance, but with the utmost grace and facility, balance one another, turn somersaults, and retain positions on almost any part of the horse, all the time hampered with voluminous skirts. I understand this is quite a record in the way of female horsemanship, and has been acquired only after years of incessant practice.

Mr. Cottrell also rises by leaps and bounds, and does not really appear to know how to stumble or fall.

Special horses are, of course, needed for this class of work, and different animals are used for different tricks. For instance, they may begin with a couple of white or cream horses, change these for a couple of piebalds, which, in their turn, perhaps, give place to bays. Beyond their performances in the ring, they are given no exercise, and, as Mr. Cottrell remarked, were they to remain twelve years at the Crystal Palace, they would not move out of the building. As for rations, they have of the best, and have it liberally, which probably accounts for their obese, pampered appearance.



ACHMED IBRAHIM BEDOUIN ARABS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



MISS LOUISE AND MR. ROBERT COTTRELL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE CIRCUS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PRESS STUDIO, LUDGATE HILL.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT HER MAJESTY'S.



ACT II.: A WOOD NEAR ATHENS.



ACT III., SCENE 1: AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE OF THESEUS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BIOGRAPH COMPANY, LTD.

A FEBRUARY NIGHT'S DREAM, AFTER VISITING HER MAJESTY'S.



FIRST ACT: FROM THE STALLS.



SECOND ACT: FROM THE UPPER CIRCLE.



THIRD ACT: FROM THE GALLERY.

A BISHOP'S SON FOR "THE FRONT."



MR. CONNOP PEROWNE (SON OF THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER), OF THE MONTGOMERY AND PEMBROKE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.



THE "C.I.V." AT THE MANSION HOUSE, JAN. 26.

The Lord Mayor and the City of London have risen with the occasion; and the magnificent hospitality of the Mansion House has cheered the "C.I.V." before their departure for the Cape. Observe their cool demeanour under the fire of Fradelle and Young's flashlight.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH "AT HOME."

With Earl's Court and its neighbourhood many men and women of "light and leading" have been associated in the past, and its reputation as the residence of many living celebrities of to-day is well maintained, for in "the" Red Book the names of Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. Frankfort Moore, amongst others, may be found, while that trinity of talent, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who are associated with the recent successes of the Court Theatre, Drury Lane, and the Globe, have resided here for some time past.

Sphinx, a favourite Chow-Chow, is pretty certain to inspect you as you enter Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier's (Miss Violet Vanbrugh) house to call on the latter's sister, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, while some souvenirs of distant lands, in the shape of heads of big-game and Indian weapons, remind you that the Misses Vanbrugh's stepfather, Mr. Stevens, the world-record cyclist, was the donor of them. Miss Irene Vanbrugh's charming little boudoir well deserves the appellation of a "snuggery," for it is the cosiest of rooms and a perfect *multum in parvo*, with its photograph-peopled overmantel, its crowded bookshelves, its cottage-piano, and its little "park" of easy-chairs. But you must not overlook the photographs and pictures, for some of them refer to several agreeable data in Miss Irene Vanbrugh's comparatively short career. That portrait of J. L. Toole especially recalls to your hostess her association, as juvenile leading-lady, with his repertory when he last toured through Australia. A photo of J. M. Barrie reminds you of Miss Vanbrugh's playing of the Girton girl in "Walker, London," a part, as Miss Vanbrugh remarks, so skilfully drawn as to demonstrate, perhaps for the first time, that characterisation is quite practicable in mere farce. Then the face of Henry Arthur Jones recalls the fact that your hostess created the part of Lady Rosamund Tatton in "The Liars," while a silver flower-vase was a tribute to her clever personation of Kitty Clive at a private-house representation of that play. One might similarly refer to her associations with Mr. Tree in "The Tempter," and with Mr. Alexander in "The Importance of Being Earnest"; but even these charming appearances somehow seem to pale before that clever creation of Sophy Fullgarney in "The Gay Lord Quex," which has set all London wagging its tongue, and which will probably score an equal triumph in America when the play is carried there in its original cast next November.

The part now being played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh is endowed with particularly subtle characterisation. It is a part of most difficult treatment, for Sophy Fullgarney belongs to that category of person who dwells on the borderland between domestic servitude and gentlewoman-kind, and who belongs not wholly to either class,

yet "smacks", of both. Probably Mr. Pinero never showed his gumption better than in selecting Miss Irene Vanbrugh, for none but a woman of true refinement and of acute perception could follow so surely the wavy line of the demarcation between the two class distinctions indicated. Miss Irene Vanbrugh makes no secret of her love of the part—her success would naturally account for this feeling—and she has now played it so often that Sophy Fullgarney is to her a real presence, so much so that she confesses that she would feel jealous of another playing her part, in the sense that she would feel that her creation would be developing another face, another being.

The London run is now drawing to a close, and, after a holiday, Miss Vanbrugh rejoins Mr. Hare for a provincial tour. She confesses to be greatly interested in the impression that the play will have on country audiences, while she owns to feeling some nervousness lest these

audiences, as well as those in America—where the company goes in the autumn—may have had their expectations unduly raised by the London critiques, and so may be disappointed when the play is put before them. Then, Miss Vanbrugh may hint to you that she hopes, before leaving England, to appear in a one-act play written by Lawrence Olde, but that will depend on the time at her disposal. In reply to your inquiry, Miss Vanbrugh speaks with evident pride of the honour done her lately in having been invited, as the guest of the evening, to a special dinner given by the Playgoers at the Hôtel Cecil. She tells you that she has never felt so important before, but, however delightful her experience on that occasion, she is quite content to leave public speaking to her masculine confrères, as she is of opinion that people would much prefer to hear her recite the words of some playwright rather than be plagued with her own feeble opinions. However, although inclined to agree with most of Miss Vanbrugh's views, one must be allowed to differ from her on this point.

My charming hostess says *au revoir* as the hour approaches when Sophy must again go through that

mauvais quart d'heure in the bedroom of Fauncey Court, a scene which tries the strength and nerves of the fascinating young actress very severely.

T. H. L.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH (THE ORIGINAL SOPHY FULLGARNEY) AT HOME.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

Waldeck-Rousseau, the French Premier, is in a peculiar position. As a barrister, he pleaded the case of Max Lebaudy, the mad boy-millionaire, and contended that it was opposed to all ideas of social economy to prevent the circulation of wealth, and that the law had nothing to do with the regulation of a wealthy man's income, even if he were a minor. To day a proposal is to be brought before the Chamber which will render the gentle art of spending money by minors very, very difficult. It will be the old story of the devil before he had taken some patent medicine and in his monastic strain, I suppose, over again.



MEN AND GUN OF THE 8th BATTERY R.F.A. IN KHAKE

HOW A 15-POUNDER FIELD-GUN APPEARS TO THE BOERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CRIBB, SOUTHSEA.



MAJOR THE EARL OF DUDLEY.

WHO LEFT FOR SOUTH AFRICA ON JAN. 27 WITH THE FIRST DETACHMENT OF THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE RED CROSS TRAIN FOR SOUTH AFRICA

Mr. Thomas Atkins, not to mention the officers who command him, has a great deal to be thankful for nowadays, though when he is lying wounded on the battlefield he may be apt to forget this. Still, the fact remains that he has a great deal to be thankful for, and when he thinks over things afterwards he will realise the truth of these remarks.

Let him think of the hardships which his forefathers in arms had to endure, and he will see how very much modern science has done to ameliorate his condition—the change applies to all things, but most of all to the arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded, to which branch our attention must be confined at present.

What has been done in this direction is brought forcibly before our minds by the despatch of the "Princess Christian" ambulance-train which has been built by the Birmingham Railway Carriage and Waggon Company, Limited, and which has just been embarked for "the front." The train consists of eight compartments, which were constructed in the incredibly short space of eight weeks, and takes its name from H. R. H. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who has displayed so much tender sympathy with the wounded and who personally inspected the train at the company's works in Birmingham before its departure.

The Managing Director of the firm was most courteous and explicit in giving details of the train, which is undoubtedly the most complete and sumptuous ambulance conveyance ever sent to a battlefield—so comfortable, in fact, that half the pain of losing a leg would be done away with were the operation performed in its well-appointed wards.

Nor is the train alone to be mentioned when pointing out to the men how much care is being taken of them. There will be a trained staff of nurses on board, and in their hands Mr. Thomas Atkins will be sure to receive all the attention that skill can afford. I must not pass from this topic without giving a word of hearty praise to the plucky women who are going out to South Africa to tend the sick and wounded, to whom I offer my best wishes in their noble undertaking.

A few words of description will be necessary for the train itself, and these are best given in the words of the Managing Director of the firm which has built the Red Cross train—a firm, it should be added, of great experience in the construction of carriages for tropical countries.

"We had only eight weeks given us to get the whole thing ready," he said, "and I may tell you that it is a job for which we should have liked six months; but still, we have got it done, and that is the main thing. These carriages are all built of iron, because wood would never stand the climate—it would crack to pieces in no time. The iron gets pretty hot; but still, that must be put up with, as it is the best thing to make them of. These fittings are all made so as to take as little space as possible, and they will, I have no doubt, be greatly appreciated by the poor fellows who are brought in."

The iron-work is riveted together very strongly, and is then grained, so that a casual observer would never think that the great sheet was anything but wood. There is a ventilation-roof, and the beds in the wards are fitted round the sides. The appearance from the outside, save for the red cross painted on the sides, does not lead one to suspect that the train is different from the ordinary run of trains; but the interior shows that every necessity of the helpless has been attended to, and what is most pleasing to note is that the wise principle of building for use rather than show has been adhered to. The train is not ornamental—it is not even very highly finished—but it is essentially business-like, and will be quite as useful as though money and time had been wasted on decorations.

In fact, considering the time in which it has been built, it is a marvel, and one can only repeat that Mr. Thomas Atkins has a very great deal to be thankful for in having such a comfortable haven in which to rest his wounded limbs. Unfortunately, the latest news from the Seat of War of the affair of Spion Kop emphasises the need of such admirably constructed conveyances.

Beloved as the most actively benevolent of the Queen's daughters, H. R. H. Princess Christian has also graciously allowed her name to be given to the admirably replete Convalescent Hospital which Mr. Alfred Moseley, of Hadley Woods, has had the munificence to pay for as a debt of gratitude for what he owes to South Africa, and which this public-spirited Merchant Prince is himself to take out to South Africa—possibly in a ship freighted for the purpose. This Princess Christian Convalescent Hospital for Wounded Soldiers is to abound with luxuries as well as comforts. If Tommy needs a revivifying glass of champagne to quicken his restoration to health and strength, it will be forthcoming. A good choice has been made for the responsible post of Lady Superintendent. Mr. Moseley (who is a genial gentleman well known to Mr. Cecil Rhodes) has been so lucky as to engage Miss Ella C. Laurence, daughter of the Rector of Walesby, Lincolnshire.

It is well known that the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and many noble-

women, Lady Chesham notably, take a very great interest in the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, which is also to be erected at Cape Town. Princess Christian is likewise indefatigably devoting herself to the good work of making this hospital a success. In token thereof Her Royal Highness on Jan. 29 presented badges and certificates to the ladies of the Army Nursing Service Reserve who are to sail this month for the Cape to tend the wounded who may be sent to this hospital.

Two things have happened almost simultaneously to cheer the soldiers of Lord Methuen's command—the arrival of "Fighting Mac" and Her Majesty's gift to the troops. Needless to say, the Highland Brigade gave their new Commander an enthusiastic welcome. In the case of the chocolate, Tommy soon disposed of that, and, as indicating the value placed upon the boxes, the post-office was soon crowded with men who wished to forward these home to their friends. No amount of money offered would tempt Tommy to part with his box.



WARD OF THE "PRINCESS CHRISTIAN" HOSPITAL-TRAIN FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo by the Press Photographic Bureau, Upper Norwood.

THE WOUNDED AT WYNBERG AND SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC.

In the quaint but yet remarkably expressive terminology obtaining in the barrack-room, any period of detention in a military hospital is always referred to as so much time spent "in dock." The expression is not altogether inappropriate, for it is in the wards of these institutions that the wounded soldier is nursed back to health. Hence the connection to the mind of the man-of-arms between receiving medical treatment and being "docked."

Owing to the heavy casualty-list resulting from the different engagements that have already taken place in the war in South Africa, the hospital accommodation there has naturally been severely taxed. Nevertheless, so admirably has the Royal Army Medical Staff doing duty with the troops carried out its work that the strain imposed upon it has been most successfully coped with. In connection with this, it is interesting to read the following passage, taken from an official report on the subject: "There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have watched the proceedings at 'the front' that a trying emergency has been met, under circumstances of extreme tension, with complete success, and that the Army has the greatest confidence in its Medical Corps, and feels that all has been done for the wounded that could have been done."

The author of these remarks is Sir William MacCormac, K.C.V.O.,



SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC LEAVING THE HOSPITAL-SHIP
"TROJAN" AT EAST LONDON.

the eminent surgeon who, as all the world knows, has so nobly placed his valuable services at the disposal of the military authorities in South Africa. He was one of the first of his calling to volunteer for "the front," and has been doing duty in the field almost from the commencement of the campaign. To his skill and attention has undoubtedly been due the recovery of many a wounded soldier, both officer and private, and his name is consequently revered among all ranks. In the Franco-German War of 1870, Sir William acted in a similar noble fashion, for, as Surgeon-in-Chief to the Anglo-American Ambulance Association, he went all through that hard-fought war.

Wynberg military hospital, where a large proportion of wounded soldiers are being treated at the present moment, is established on the top of a hill near the village of Wynberg. This place is about nine miles from Cape Town, and is connected with it by railway. The hospital itself consists of a number of detached huts, each one storey in height, and built of wood. A couple of these are given up to the exclusive use of officers, while the remainder are occupied by non-commissioned officers and men. The medical staff—with orderlies and nursing-sisters—are accommodated in the immediate vicinity. Just beyond the hospital buildings are the quarters of the garrison of Wynberg Camp.



MISS HILDA SPONG MAKES A GREAT "HIT" AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, NEW YORK, AS MRS. BULWER, HEROINE OF THE
CARTON COMEDY, "WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS."

"The Sketch" hopes to welcome this accomplished actress back to London ere many months are out.

"NAUGHTY ANTHONY."

Many of the latest American-made farces, or farce-comedies, as they mostly prefer to call them out there, have, more or less, possessed an ultramarine tinge of blueness, so to speak. It would seem, however, that the latest specimen of farce-fare submitted to New Yorkers—namely, "Naughty Anthony," which has just achieved a very marked success at the local Herald Square Theatre—is comparatively, if not wholly, clean and wholesome, notwithstanding the fact that the piece has, like the cerulean examples indicated above, been adapted from the French. The adapter in this case is the skilful and prolific playwright, Mr. David Belasco, who, it may not be generally known, is a nephew of our own long-popular comedian, the late Mr. David James, who was born Belasco, and was descended, in some measure, from the famous prize-fighter of the early part of the Nineteenth Century, Ike Belasco, to wit. London playgoers will doubtless remember that, a year or two ago, Mr. Belasco sent to our Adelphi Theatre a very powerful and well-knit drama, entitled, "The Heart of Maryland," the chief situation of which, namely, where the heroine clung madly to the clapper of a bell in order to prevent it sounding her lover's death-knell, was conveyed, as it were, from a once favourite drama of our stage, written by Albert Smith, entitled "Blanche Heriot."

Mr. Belasco has undoubtedly shown his powers of stage-craft in a very pronounced degree in "Naughty Anthony." Considering that the chief situations and most of the characters concerned therein give undoubted scope for approaching to what our Mr. Arthur Roberts would call "near the knuckle," it is certainly a great credit to an adapter to have produced a piece which appears to be so innocently mirthful as this. The basis of the piece is a bye-law placed upon a notice-board in Lofty View Park, at Chataqua, New York, a bye-law thus set forth: "Rule 13.—Any persons of opposite sexes found using the summer-house of Lofty View Park for osculatory purposes will be punished to the full extent of the law, and their names and addresses posted." Now it so happens that one of the chief persons responsible for the promulgation of this anti-kissing edict is one Anthony Depew, Professor of Moral Culture at the Lofty View Park Academy. It also happens that this Professor of the Higher Ethics becomes, in due course, momentarily fascinated by a certain damsel named Cora, who is by profession "a Hosiery Model." This artistic profession is very popular just now in the United States, and is even being introduced into our own Metropolis.

In an evil moment—for him—the Moral Culturist snatches a brief kiss from the Hosiery Model's cherry lips—quite on Platonic principles, of course. Unfortunately for the chaste saluter, the chaste salute happens to be observed by the Park Guardian, who, without recognising the pair, at once reports this infraction of the Moral Rule 13. Whereupon the kissing offenders are at once hunted down, and the hitherto unnaughty Anthony is compelled not only to resort to base prevarications, but also is driven to adopt the Chinese method of providing a substitute to innocently act as a scapegoat. The scapegoat in question is a middle-aged, chortling valentine-maker, named Adam Budd, and, no sooner does this valentine-maker become mixed up in the imbroglio, than he straightway involves many others therein, including a smart

young lawyer, an amateur detective who is described as "Hawkshaw," an importer of French hose, his fascinating wife, and the ex-Moral Professor's servant-maid, who is betrothed to the park-policeman who saw the kissing take place.

Wild and whirling are the incidents and embroilings that ensue from this point, until all ends happily for "all concerned" except the Professor of Moral Culture, who, tracked down by that best of all detectives, Nemesis, is at last driven to confess his heinous crime of kissing the Hosiery Model, during a momentary fit of aberration, and to humbly seek pardon of all whom he has involved in this domestic tornado. Pending the arrival of "Naughty Anthony" in this moral Metropolis, I herewith present *Sketch* readers with certain realistic photographs of the chief situations in this piece, such as the temptation of the Moral Anthony in Act I., the Cross-questioning of the Delinquent in Act II., and the Hosiery Model's packing-up to prepare for flight in Act III. These photos include splendid portraits of Mr. Frank Worthing (a well-known English actor) as Anthony—Mr. William Elton, another well-known English actor, takes the part of the French Hose Importer—the

handsome and versatile American actress, Miss Maud Harrison, as the sometime suspicious Mrs. Zachary; and Miss Blanche Bates, erewhile a native serious actress, who has achieved a very great success as Cora, the Hosiery Model. As will be seen from the photographs, the staging of this piece is of that perfectly detail kind with which American travelling companies have of late made London playgoers familiar. Indeed, the three interiors in "Naughty Anthony," namely, the Moral Professor's Reception-Room, the Judge's Office in the Court House, and Mrs. Zachary's Room at the Chillingtons', are striking models of built-up scenery.



"NAUGHTY ANTHONY," ACT II.: CROSS-QUESTIONING THE DELINQUENT.

Photo by Byron, New York.

"TALES OF LANGUEDOC." *

Had not this volume come with the authority of such serious personages as the Professors of Stanford University and others, we should have been tempted to look upon it as a mystification. To find reference to men smoking short pipes or crossing suspension-bridges in stories which deal with talking animals, a miller's son marrying a King's daughter, or with strong men who perform incredible feats, requires some explanation. We are told that these tales of Languedoc are stories handed down in the old Provençal language, of which, forty years ago, Frédéric Mistral revived the fast-fading fame. His "Mireio," made known to English readers by Mr. Bonaparte Wyse and others, might have prepared us for these tales, which seem to have been current for several generations as fireside stories in Southern France. They were originally collected about three-quarters of a century ago by the uncle of the editor. The book, although addressed especially to boys, will, one thinks, be more welcome to children of a larger growth, who may find in these stories common ground with many other household tales of other parts of Europe. Some of them are interesting enough, but scarcely from the boy's point of view, although by Mr. Peixotto's illustrations, whom one assumes to be a Provençal, a key to the setting and surrounding of each story is furnished. The English rendering is terse and vigorous—in fact, so much so that many pages read as if originally written in that language.

* "Tales of Languedoc." By Samuel J. Brun. London and New York: Macmillan.

"NAUGHTY ANTHONY," AS PLAYED IN AMERICA.



ACT I.: THE TEMPTATION OF THE MORAL ANTHONY.



ACT III.: THE HOSIERY MODEL PACKING UP.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON, NEW YORK.



THE REJECTED SUITOR.



"WILL YE NO TAK' A PENCH?"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

CAPTURED BY A FAN.

BY GEORGE G. MAGNUS.

Miss Dorothy and I were sitting out a waltz.

Miss Dorothy and I used frequently to sit them out. I cannot waltz with her over-gracefully. I am rather too tall.

We were on this occasion doing the sitting-out in a conservatory, hidden from view behind a clump of palms. I had noticed the palms when selecting the seat.

Miss Dorothy held a fan in one hand; the other lay perilously near my own. Her hands are most kissable. I raised the disengaged hand to my lips and kissed it.

Miss Dorothy pulled it away sharply, and an angry flood of colour mounted to the roots of her wavy brown hair. She said nothing, but looked volumes.

I felt rather small—in fact, as small as a man of my dimensions can reasonably be expected to feel. I had kissed her hand at two former dances, and she had seemed rather to like it than otherwise.

"I am really awfully sorry!" I said, rather reproachfully; "but if you will exhibit such——"

Miss Dorothy turned away her head pettishly, and began feverishly to tug on her gloves. She had only a few minutes previously complained of the heat.

"You are feeling cooler now, then?" I suggested.

Miss Dorothy rose.

"Mr. Clissold, I consider your behaviour most ungentlemanly!" she exclaimed. "Please excuse me; I am going to find my aunt."

I rose too.

"You will permit me to assist you in your search?" I inquired penitently. Miss Dorothy passed me without a glance, without a word. I said only one word, and that was to myself; but it somewhat relieved my feelings. Presently, I noticed with some satisfaction Miss Dorothy's fan lying on the settee. I picked it up and hurried after her. She had not gone far; she had evidently been searching the conservatory for her aunt.

"Miss Dorothy," I cried, "you have left your fan behind!"

She turned round. I hid the fan behind my back.

"Will you give it to me, please?"

"With pleasure," said I affably.

"Where is it?" she asked, rather shortly.

"You left it where we were sitting. Let me fetch it for you."

"Oh, pray don't trouble! I can get it myself."

Miss Dorothy retraced her steps. I followed.

"The fan isn't here," she said coldly. "Have you hidden it, Mr. Clissold? I would not lose that fan for worlds!"

Her last words conjured up a vision of a certain Major Stewart before my eyes.

"Yes, it is an exceedingly fine one," I observed.

Miss Dorothy looked up at me. I like her to look up; her eyes are remarkable.

"I know you have hidden it!" she declared positively. "Are you going to give it to me or are you not?"

"Are you still anxious to find your aunt?" I asked meaningly.

"As soon as you give me my fan."

"What an inducement, Miss Dorothy!" She bit her under-lip. It is a little trick of hers; I have noticed it repeatedly. It certainly becomes her, she has such pretty, pearly teeth.

"Your aunt, at the present moment," I continued, "is sitting out with my *blasé* uncle, making him feel happy for the first time this evening. I fancy neither of them will exactly thank——"

She interrupted me; it is a little failing of hers. "Are you quite sure you are speaking the truth?" she asked severely.

"Oh, Miss Dorothy! Come, sit down again and say you have forgiven my—er—my ungentlemanly behaviour."

"Will you promise not to repeat it?" she inquired, smiling.

"I won't again run the risk of spoiling my uncle's *tête-à-tête*," I replied solemnly.

Miss Dorothy laughed, and sat down as far away from me as possible. There was an embarrassing pause.

"Is Major Stewart here this evening, do you know?" I at length asked carelessly.

"No," she answered sadly. So sadly, in fact, did she utter the negative that I somehow felt perfectly certain it was Major Stewart who had given her the fan.

"What a pity!" I murmured, half to myself. "His absence will be such a disappointment to so many girls!"

Miss Dorothy took no notice of my observation. She was gazing intently at her programme.

"Mr. Clissold, who gave you that peculiar pencil you used on my programme?" she asked abruptly.

I knew who she fancied gave it me. I decided to keep up her wrong impression.

"A very particular friend," I replied, producing and stroking the pencil in question. "And, Miss Dorothy," I continued impressively, "I would not lose it for worlds!"

"Yes, it is a remarkably fine one," she said, with a little laugh; and it was not a mirthful laugh, yet it sounded like the sweetest music to me. Miss Dorothy absently selected a white rose from several that nestled in her dress, and proceeded to pick it to pieces. I felt annoyed—very much annoyed indeed! I recognised it as one that I had given her earlier in the evening.

"I thought you preferred white roses to red," I remarked in an injured tone. Miss Dorothy looked at me, surprised.

"So I do," she said.

"Then why not dissect a red one?" I suggested, pointing to the fast-diminishing flower. She followed the direction of my finger quite innocently.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed. "It's the rose you gave me!"

"Yes, I am already aware of that fact!" said I with feeling.

"What a pity it is you didn't give it to the girl in blue!" she cried suddenly, with just the glimpse of a smile.

"She certainly would not have torn it in pieces before my eyes," I agreed.

"Ah, no! She would have pressed it to her—in a book, and kept it for ever and ever!"

I stroked my moustache thoughtfully. "She might have given me a flower in return."

Miss Dorothy gave me a decidedly scornful look.

"Oh, most probably!" she said. "I believe that girl is remarkably free with her gifts."

"She has a most generous heart," I admitted, trying hard to appear confused.

"She certainly has a large one!"

I replaced the pencil tenderly in my waistcoat-pocket.

"You know, I admire that sort of girl!" I said warmly.

"Yes, you must find them extremely useful! Mr. Clissold, will you give me my fan?"

I laughed aloud; I could not help it. I produced the fan.

"On condition——," I began. But Miss Dorothy snatched it from me, jumped up, and ran out of the conservatory into the grounds.

As soon as I had recovered from my astonishment—for Miss Dorothy is usually so very sedate—I followed her. I had passed through the door, when I heard a faint scream. By the light shining from the conservatory I was astonished to see Miss Dorothy fall to the ground. Before I could reach her, a man darted out from behind some bushes, and made straight towards her. I was horrified to see him raise a villainous-looking stick. For an instant, my heart seemed to stand still; a sickening languor overcame me—but, thank God, it was only for an instant. I rushed at the man, and was just in time to wrench the uplifted stick from his hand. Quick as lightning he turned on me. My blood was up, and I struck the brute with all my strength full in the face. A groan of pain escaped him as he fell with a thud, senseless.

It hurt my fist horribly; took most of the skin off, and made it bleed. I abhor getting in a mess. I turned to Miss Dorothy, who stood by me trembling, and held out my handkerchief.

"Would you mind binding up my hand?" I asked quietly. "That ruffian's head is abominably hard!"

Miss Dorothy gave an hysterical cry. I thought she was going to faint, so stepped forward to fold her in my arms. But she started in terror, and screamed, "Oh, Jack, run!"

I turned on my heel in a flash. A big, burly man was coming towards me. In his hand he held a steel instrument, which glittered ominously as the light from the conservatory fell upon it.

I lost no time in following Miss Dorothy's timely advice. I ran—at the burly man. In an instant I had thrown myself upon him. He raised his weapon—which was a jemmy—and, beating down my arm, cut my forehead open with the infernal thing. I felt the warm blood trickling down my face on to my shirt-front. In spite of Miss Dorothy's presence, an oath escaped me; I knew I was spoilt for the rest of the evening.

However, that blow was his last, for I got my arms round him. The man was strong; but, thank Heaven, I was stronger. We swayed backwards and forwards. My muscles stiffened like iron bands; his breath came in short, hard gasps. He bit and kicked, and tried to trip me. But, with a cruel joy, I exerted all my strength, and heard his ribs crack beneath my ever-tightening grasp. Suddenly, with a cry of agony, his hold of me relaxed, and I hurled him headlong to the ground.

Then I tripped over a wire, lost my balance, and fell.

When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying on a sofa in the library. The room was dimly lighted by a shaded lamp. My head, which had been bandaged, throbbed to suffocation. I felt dizzy, and fell back again among the cushions.

There was a rustle of silken skirts, then a soft, cool hand was gently laid upon my burning brow. I instinctively knew the touch of that hand, and opened my eyes immediately. Yes, it was the dear little hand that I had kissed in so ungentlemanly a manner. Miss Dorothy was bending over me.

"How are the burglars?" I inquired anxiously, and my voice sounded absurdly shaky.

A cry very like a stifled sob escaped her.



THE STORM-CLOUD.

"Oh, Jack—Mr. Clissold!" she faltered; "I thought—I thought you had been killed."

"Oh no, not at all!" I said foolishly; "I'm only in a beast of a mess. I trust you are all right?"

A warm tear fell on my hand. I caught Miss Dorothy's arm almost roughly. "Please don't cry," I said huskily; "it—it will knock me over if you do, you know."

"I shall never be able to forgive myself!" she cried. "It was all my fault for being so silly over that wretched fan! Oh, when I came back with your uncle, and found you lying there so still and with your head all bleeding, I thought you were dead, and ——" Miss Dorothy buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively. I really believe I blubbered a bit myself—I am an awfully emotional ass at times. Then I called myself all the strong names I could think of for having given her such a fright. But, in my heart of hearts, I knew well that I would not for worlds have altered the course that events had taken. I smoothed Miss Dorothy's hair; her hair is wonderfully soft. Presently she grew calmer. I always aver that a sure remedy to calm a girl is to smooth her hair.

"The doctor will be here in a minute!" she exclaimed. "Your uncle has ridden off for him."

"Yes; and who is looking after the burglars?" I asked feelingly.

"Our host has left them under the tender supervision of the gardener and a groom. You *have* hurt them!"

"Poor burglars!" I murmured.

"Brutes!" cried Miss Dorothy fiercely.

I laughed—such a contented laugh! I felt contented—supremely contented.

"I shall feel much more happy," said I, "if you will relieve my mind of something that's weighing heavily upon it."

"What's the something?" she inquired shyly.

"Who was it had the abominable audacity to give you that fan?"

"I thought you would ask! My aunt—not Major Stewart," she added, with a little, silvery laugh.

I caught her to me and drew her sweet face down. "Darling," I whispered in her ear, "now take another load off my mind, will you?"

For answer, she twined her soft arms round my neck.

"My big, noble Jack!" she said softly. "I love you—I have always loved you."

Then our lips met in a long, sweet kiss.

We were brought back suddenly to the things of this world by the sound of approaching footsteps along the passage. Miss Dorothy escaped in a most miraculous manner; I shall never cease wondering how she managed it.

But she hurried to my side again before the door opened.

"Jack," she whispered persuasively, "tell me quick—who gave you that pencil?"

I looked into her remarkable eyes and laughed provokingly.

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "I thought you would ask!"

Miss Dorothy shot an apprehensive glance in the direction of the door, then tapped the floor imperiously with her little foot.

"Tell me, Jack!" she commanded. "You *must* tell me! I have a right to know."

"My uncle," I replied. "Not the girl in blue!"

"THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR."*

GERMAN OFFICERS' CHRONICLE, EDITED BY BRITISH MILITARY EXPERTS.

Widely different from most of the recently published War Literature is this imposing and scholarly history of the War of 1870, from which dates the marvellous rise and rapid progress of what is practically a new and tremendously virile nation. It may be doubted whether most English people even yet quite realise the transformation which has within the last thirty years taken place on the Continent, more especially in that part of it inhabited by a people which has so much in common with ourselves—in religion, in blood, and in thought. To those who would gain an intimate knowledge of how this great change began, this History of the Franco-German War may confidently be recommended, for it is a guide which clearly explains how, through the binding of the various weak German States into one strong whole, such progress was made possible.

Major-General Maurice contributes the Introduction, in which he points out that for long it was felt in Germany that a real History of the momentous events of 1870 was wanted, as distinct from the Official History, which had been "riddled by the criticism of writers outside the Official circle," even the Staff itself having found it necessary to "issue various brochures in order to revise and amplify the details of many parts of the campaign." The book has been received with enthusiasm in Germany—which is scarcely matter for wonder; it will certainly be widely read in this country, with a feeling of profound admiration for the authors and the translators who have with such painstaking skill rendered it into English.

The writers are all men of European reputation, most of whom took

part in the campaign, and so impressed was Major-General Maurice with the difficulty of doing justice to such an undertaking in the time at his disposal that, when he had mastered the first hundred pages, he felt it necessary to ask the assistance of Captain Long.

Among the most interesting chapters are those contributed by Dr. Julius von Pfugk-Harttung, the first and concluding portions of the volume, especially the former, in which he deals with the origin of the war, though one could wish that he had omitted the passage on page 31: "England remained from the first neutral, as is befitting prudent merchants, who like to pocket their gains out of the conflicts of others." General Maurice points out in a note that the sympathy of England for Germany, who at first was believed to be the weaker combatant, was unmistakably shown by popular demonstrations and private enthusiasm, though when France was overwhelmed by unparalleled misfortunes, a natural revulsion of feeling took place. Later on, he cites the case of a young German clerk who, on leaving London for the war, received from his English employers "three months' salary in advance, with cordial wishes for his safe return, and the assurance that his post would be kept open for him." As General Maurice says, "In the face of such cases as this, which could be multiplied indefinitely, what becomes of the charge against Englishmen that they at the time failed in sympathy with the Germans?"

From the very first, the issue of the contest was inevitable. Entered upon by France with a light heart, in the full belief that the Germans of the South would take up arms against their brethren of the North, and that possibly Austria—sore from her defeat in the war of 1866—Italy, and Denmark—remembering Schleswig-Holstein—would take a hand against the hated Prussian, she was soon woefully undeceived. The widely differing circumstances attending the departure of the King of Prussia and the Emperor of the French seemed, indeed, to presage the ending, for whereas William I. left his capital amidst the plaudits of his people, who crowded round his carriage to shake him by the hand and rent the air with thundering "Hurrahs," the ill-fated Napoleon left Paris without showing himself to his people, and making no farewell, being also already in the grip of the fell disease which ended his life soon after his arrival, a discredited exile, in this country.

One scarcely knows, in reading the volume, which most to admire—the methodical mobilisation, masterly generalship, and irresistible solidarity and bravery of the German Army, or the desperate gallantry of the sons of France, who, hopelessly outnumbered, ill-provided, and in most cases badly led, yet gave their lives freely and ungrudgingly in what almost from the beginning they must have felt to be a hopeless contest.

At the present day, when our twelve- and fifteen-pounder breech-loading guns are being denounced as utterly inadequate for the needs of modern warfare, it is strange to recall that the artillery in use by the French in the war of but thirty years ago—a struggle which many men still comparatively young can well remember—consisted of four- and eight-pounder muzzle-loaders very defective in accuracy of aim, while the German Horse Artillery was armed with a four-pounder breech-loading gun, and the Field Artillery with a six-pounder. The heaviest piece of siege-artillery was a rifled twenty-four-pounder, but besides these the Germans had rifled mortars, whose "terrible efficiency" became apparent in the later stages of the war. The French Mitrailleuse, of course, did not by any means come up to expectations.

Though throughout the war the percentage of killed and wounded was smaller than in struggles of much earlier date, both French and Germans suffered far heavier losses than those sustained by our soldiers in South Africa of late. For instance, at Worth the 3rd Zouaves "lost three out of four"; the 2nd Turcos, the 13th Light Infantry, and other French regiments being almost annihilated, losing from 64 to 93 per cent. of their strength. The losses of the victorious Germans were also severe, some regiments suffering to the extent of from 17 to 37 per cent. of their number. In this connection, one may also note the fact that though lately certain Continental newspapers raised an outcry against England on the false assumption that she intended to employ black troops in a war against white men, in 1870 not only did the Germans not protest against the employment of the Turcos (Negroes and Bedouins), of whom some thousands fought in the French ranks, but the historians of the War (German officers) even eulogise the bravery of these troops, which had "fought with French ardour."

In conclusion, one may say that, though the work is of necessity written from the German point of view, the account of the famous "Ems incident," as given by Dr. Pfugk-Harttung, being corrected by General Maurice, it displays wonderfully little bias and does ample justice to the bravery of the French—though this, of course, reflects the more credit on the exploits of the German Army. The illustrations are very numerous, and, if unequal in merit, many of them, together with the maps, are exceedingly good, and, combined with the lucid and masterly accounts of the military historians, enable the non-military reader to follow the campaign of 1870-1 with intelligent appreciation. Altogether, "The Franco-German War" must be considered an indispensable addition to the library of the student of recent European history.

J. N.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

* "The Franco-German War, 1870-71." By Generals and other Officers who took part in the Campaign. Translated and Edited by Major-General J. F. Maurice, C.B., Captain Wilfred J. Long, and A. Sonnenschein. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU."

Glasgow had the honour of the real *première* of Mr. Anthony Hope's latest play—his adaptation of "Prince Rupert of Hentzau," sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." However, even if London has not enjoyed the honour of the first first-night, it has the privilege of seeing it with the original company, and after it has been worked up into shape during its tour. Although it has been worked up into shape, I am not quite sure about its shapeliness. At times, certainly, there are signs by which the old hand could guess that it first existed as a novel—the most obvious is that, fully to understand and appreciate some passages, you need knowledge of the book. Does this matter? Not very much in a case like this, where everyone has read the book.

After saying this, I cannot pretend there is any reason for telling the story, and telling clumsily what its author has told brilliantly—at least, in the book. Yet, in a few bald phrases, I may state the facts, assuming, of course, for my purpose that every man, woman, and child knows "The Prisoner of Zenda." Prince Rupert the Reckless of Hentzau, anxious to get back to Court, seeks to force a way in by use of an indiscreet letter written by Queen Flavia to Rassendyll, the Englishman,

appeared in last week's *Sketch*) does not rely for success merely on "bluggy" business, since he has at his command the delightful wit that has made the "Dolly Dialogues" perhaps immortal—a wit which as yet, perhaps, a lack of technical skill prevents him from fully using, but still is sufficient to enable him to write some passages of very clever and amusing dialogue. Moreover, style will out, and all the speeches are very agreeably free from the ordinary faults of the language of melodrama. The result, as a whole, then, is an unpretentious play, which serves excellently as an entertainment, even if it be disappointing to those who hoped that its highly talented author would give to us a drama of some artistic value.

From the entertainment point of view—and, indeed, from all points of view—I venture to advise a suppression of the lying-in-state business, which at any time would give a needless note of melancholy, if not to the play, at least to the audience, and, at this point of history, is too painful to all sensitive people to be endurable. No doubt, the scene is very handsomely mounted and impressive, with all its pomps and trappings of woe, its weeping women, flowers, and dirges; but, then, so far as this is concerned, it lies within Bacon's paradox, "the better, the worse."



Rudolf (Mr. George Alexander).

Rosa Holf (Miss Julie Opp).

Rupert (Mr. H. B. Irving).

THE VILLAIN TRAPPED THROUGH A WOMAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

who hastens from England to help her. Rupert brings the letter to the King, who refuses to see him, and is shot by him.

Rassendyll fights Rupert, and, after a ferocious combat, kills him with his own revolver. The Court mistakes the living Englishman for the dead King; the Queen and her friends implore him to take the royal place, but his sense of truth holds him back, and in the end he is shot by one of the adherents of Rupert; so for the ending we had a splendid lying-in-state and melancholy music. It is a double "lying-in-state," a perfect instance of the punning translation of *splendide mendax*, since the body which lies in state as the King is that of the Englishman.

Here, then, is plenty of thrilling matter, if perhaps a little too much of death for some tastes. The great scene is in the combat between Rupert and Rassendyll in the cellar of a house in the Koenigstrasse.

The duel proper begins with swords, which ladies prefer on the stage to pistols, since there are no nasty "bangs," while I prefer the pistols, as less dangerous to the players. Rupert finds himself not so skillful as the Englishman, and tries a traitor's trick with his revolver. Rassendyll is too quick, catches him in his arms, and gradually, by sheer muscular power, forces round his opponent's hand, and compels him to end his disgraceful life: that is the kind of scene to send a thrill through the house, even if any audacious critic should call it melodrama.

However, Mr. Anthony Hope (a very life-like portrait of whom

The performance in many respects is excellent; in one, not quite satisfactory. Everyone knows that Miss Fay Davis is a charming and accomplished actress, who has given great pleasure to many playgoers; but, unfortunately, she has not the power or gift for filling the stage necessary for the part of Flavia, and therefore, although some of her scenes were pretty, others, and the more important, were tame.

Mr. Alexander was very clever in the King's part, and effective as the vigorous Englishman whose vanity in his sword-play passes even unreasonable bounds. His quick-changes were remarkable, and made one even think of Fregoli and his marvellous transformations. Perhaps the most popular performance will be that of Mr. W. H. Vernon, as Colonel Sapte; it would be difficult to over-praise such sober, strong acting or give any idea of the strength of character-drawing shown by him. The ladies, save Miss Davis, have little to do. Miss Julie Opp has a showy small part, which she plays effectively, if with too much colour, and Miss Esmé Beringer does all that skill and intelligence can to render interesting a weakly drawn character.

One must speak in praise of Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. Sydney Brough, and Mr. Bassett Roe, whilst the Rupert of Mr. H. B. Irving is quite a remarkably clever and original piece of acting. The mounting, of course, is handsome, and enables the stage to present some very agreeable pictures, if none, save the lying-in-state, of great magnificence.—E. F. S.

THEATRE NOTES.

What Mr. Edward Ledger does not know about the Drama (of which his *Era* is regarded as the Bible) is not worth knowing. Blithe and genial, whether you run against him in the Avenue de l'Opéra or at the new St. James's première, Mr. Ledger possesses the secret of eternal youth. Much of his brightness is reflected in that valuable handbook for theatre-goers, the *Era Annual*, an almanack, a dramatic portrait-album, and a theatrical cyclopædia of useful information combined, conducted by Mr. Ledger and just produced. The photographic miniatures are simply adorable. In fine, the *Era Annual* (issued at 49, Wellington Street) is a dramatic and musical reference-book which will be welcome to all who love the theatre.

After the run of "Drink," which was revived at its original home, at the Princess's, last Saturday, Mr. Robert Arthur (with Mr. Charles Warner) will produce there the adaptation by Mr. George Leitch and "Another" (meaning, doubtless, Mr. Warner himself) of the late Marcus Clarke's prison-story, "For the Term of His Natural Life." Although melodrama has lately been a little out of fashion, Mr. Arthur's venture should prove successful.

At the moment of writing, Mr. Arthur Collins, as Managing Director of Drury Lane Theatre, seems to have arranged that the subject of the next pantomime at that historic house shall be on the theme of "The Sleeping Beauty," and a very pretty theme too! Mr. Collins—with his usual characteristic energy—is already preparing some delightful scenes in case of his finally selecting this fascinating story.



RUDOLF FIGHTS RUPERT FOR THE QUEEN'S LETTER.

PARIS NOTES.

I hear that the Parisian police authorities have decided to abolish the use of the confetti during the Mi-Carême. This is completely as it should be. The introduction of this gentle and multicoloured warfare entirely drove out of the Parisians' minds all idea of fancy-costume. They contented themselves with the purchase of a packet of confetti or so, and the only colour and life in the Paris streets was supplied by the language of the scavengers at five o'clock in the morning, when they had to sweep it up.

In the French cafés to-day the familiar *pot-pourri* of English airs is no longer played by the orchestra. The excuse made to me the other night was that they were afraid of demonstrations. This is amusing, considering that the idiotic "Polka des Anglais" is played everywhere in order to give the French a chance to sing its abandoned refrain and clink glasses to the health of the "Oom." The dear, delightful *Patrie* has meanwhile discovered that notices are hung out at certain bars that "No English will be served." It considers this an excellent example. And yet we are all to be tempted to go to the Paris Exhibition.

The Paris Opera Balls this season are listless, pointless, and colourless. No one goes to dance, but simply to look at—what? I am sure I don't

know. Dominoes are very pretty in their way—and cheap. Toreadors are also picturesque, especially when the wearer throws a cloak over his shoulder and carries it as though it was a heavy umbrella. Even still more picturesque are Pierrots and clowns. Beyond these and a few simple disguises, there is little novelty in these world-famous balls.



RUDOLF TURNS RUPERT'S PISTOL AGAINST THE MURDERER'S BREAST.



THE QUEEN, (MISS FAY DAVIS) AND RUDOLF PART "FOR LOVE AND HONOUR."

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Feb. 7, 5.57; Thursday, 5.59; Friday, 6.1; Saturday, 6.3; Sunday, 6.4; Monday, 6.7; Tuesday, 6.9.

One hears a good deal of grumbling against the War Office for not availing itself of the proffered help of cyclists in different parts of the kingdom to take part in the conflict in South Africa. Indeed, a whole corps of cyclists are ready to proceed to "the front" on the mere hint they would be accepted. The War Office, no doubt, has many faults, but it is ridiculous to scream because thousands of wheelmen have not been called into service. The gesticulations of some of the minor cycling papers, while patriotic enough, border somewhat on the absurd. The War Office has availed itself of many cyclists, and these will undoubtedly be of immense service for scouting purposes and for carrying despatches.

Cycling over rough, knotty ground, and through deep sand is a different thing to cycling manœuvres through well-kept English lanes. Those fervid gentlemen who seem to imagine that the war would have gone differently if only there had been five hundred wheelmen at "the front" have probably had no experience at all as to what it is like riding—or rather, not riding—over broken ground. On a good road, the cyclist carrying despatches will easily beat the horseman; but in rough country, where there are no roads but masses of boulders, it is all the other way. I have done some riding, or attempted riding, over the roughest country in the world, and my experience shows that when you get amongst mountainous country a cycle is more a nuisance than anything else. Let us shout decapitation to all the heads of the War Office, but let us be thankful they have not sent out Cyclist corps. Men with bicycles would be at an absolute disadvantage amongst rocks when they had to fight men equipped with horses.

In India the military authorities have just issued an interesting order. In future, mounted officers travelling by rail on temporary duty may, if they prefer it, take a bicycle with them at Government expense, in lieu of a charger, when the duty for which they are detailed will admit of such a course.

As cycling takes people out into freshening air, it should have some effect in restraining hysteria. Wheelmen, when they go abroad, drop their nationality, in a sense, and belong for the nonce to the good brotherhood of cyclists. This is why, when touring on the Continent, we generally receive so much kindness from the riders in whose country we happen to be. It is a thousand pities French and English cyclists should join in the mutual recriminations that just now pass between the most violently penned journals. There are a good many nasty things being said about us by the Parisian papers just now, but one is very sorry to see that the President of the Touring Club de France should have been one of the first to attack, not only the Britisher generally, but British cyclists in particular.

I have a great admiration for the Touring Club de France, because it is so well administered, and does more than any other such body in the world for its members. But its conduct within the last year is really very petty. An admirable scheme was brought forward, that the members of the different clubs in the various countries should, on visiting each other, receive the same privileges as the members of the home clubs. French, German, Belgian, and Italian cyclists were, on visiting England, to receive all the benefits that members of the Cyclists' Touring Club had, and, of course, members of the C.T.C., in visiting these same countries, were to receive like courtesy. Last year, however, the French club behaved in rather a mean and even despicable manner in regard to that proposal. They argued that the English cyclists visited France in great numbers, while French cyclists who came to England were but few; therefore, French cyclists would be called upon to give many more courtesies than they themselves could receive; therefore, also, it would not be profitable and they would have nothing to do with it. It is regrettable the cyclists of England and France should have got into a position of regarding each other in any other light than as good-hearted lovers of sport.

Just now, most of the clubs are holding their annual meetings, and electing officers for the ensuing season. Club life is one of the great features connected with the pastime, because it gives one an opportunity of making many good acquaintances. There is a lack of enthusiasm, however, just now among wheelmen, and if clubs are really to be wakened up and made centres of good-fellowship, care should be taken to elect men on the committees who will really work for the benefit of the pastime. If you give a glance at the attendance at committee-meetings, you will see that nearly all the work devolves upon two or three men. This is hardly fair. Then, again, at the winter smoking-concerts that are arranged by so many of the clubs, it is rather sad to see they are so badly attended by the members themselves. To these smoking-concerts members of other clubs are invited, and it not unfrequently happens that the guests outnumber the members. I was at one of these concerts not long ago, and the evening passed off delightfully and merrily; but it was hardly good news to be informed by the secretary that only one-sixth of the members were present, and that two-thirds of the people in the room were cyclists from other clubs. This is a constant complaint, and one that might easily be remedied.

Our pity must go out to the professional racing-men who were the heroes of so many tracks a few years ago. The riders left their ordinary avocations, where they were earning respectable wages, and plunged

into affluence and excitement. A year or two on the racing-track demoralised them for the ordinary paths of business. I was talking the other day to a man who has taken a leading part in arranging some of the big races in England, and he told me it was lamentable to see the position to which those whose names were famous a few years ago had fallen. Before they became professional cyclists, they were smart, bright, intelligent young fellows, and, now that the "boom" is over, and no maker will hire them to ride in races, they find it nauseous to return to their usual work. They have tumbled in their career, and have become little better than cadgers on their friends. Many, of course, hold good positions as agents for some of the big makers, but such cases are really few in the great mass of men who formerly hoped to reap fame and fortune on the racing-track. The same story comes from America, though the American is more adaptable to circumstances than Englishmen. Among the occupations now followed by some of the former American crack riders is that of barber, traveller in oil, barman, booking-clerk, and pugilist. Charles Murphy, the "mile a minute" man, is a policeman.

The Japanese have taken to the making of their own bicycles. The Jap is an ardent cyclist, and certainly has the most magnificent country to cycle in. The Tokiado is one of the most delightful of roads in the world. There is little rough wear of the highways, as most of the conveyances are not heavier than jinrickshas. I remember in one town—Nagoya, I think—seeing hundreds of cyclists, all in Japanese costume, and all riding the most extraordinary bicycles that could be imagined. The wheels seemed to be discarded cart-wheels and barrow-wheels, and in coming down the road they wobbled all over the place, and made a noise like runaway carts. The Japs are an imitative people, and years ago, when I was in their land, they were busy manufacturing bicycles in imitation of English and American wheels, although one noticed with some amusement that leaden ball-bearings were introduced instead of bearings of steel. By now, however, the Japs will have discovered that lead bearings are not quite so serviceable, and will have turned to the making of wheels that can be really ridden as well as looked at. Through the last year the introduction of American bicycles into the Land of the Rising Sun had decreased considerably.

Those cyclists who are abandoning their wheels for motor-cars had better keep away from where Flemish is spoken. I see it stated that the Flemish word for "petroleum-driven car" is *Snelpaardelooszonder-spoorwegpetroolbrigtig!* If the motor didn't break down on its own account, which is a habit motor-cars have every few miles, it would certainly succumb under the weight of such a word.

The fashion in men's cycling-clothes this year will be much the same as last year, except that khaki will considerably take the colour of grey. There will, however, be alterations in knickerbockers. Instead of being baggy about the knees, they will be fairly narrow, but baggy about the hips—rather like the breeches of a horseman.

"There is something to be said in favour of the arrow system of marking danger-posts." So says a purely cycling journal. We are getting on. When, a year ago, I suggested arrows to indicate the steepness of hills, "Silly ass" was, I fancy, the mildest term applied to me by the men "who know." Oh, those men "who know!" They are the same men who condemned pneumatic tyres as useless. But time works wonders.

The other day, I was reading an account of how a party of German schoolboys spent their time during a little cycling tour in this country. The party consisted of three masters and twelve boys. The outfit with which they came seems to suggest they regarded England as little better than a desert, for six of the fifteen carried sections of a tent, in which they might sleep, and one boy carried a kettle. Riding through Lincolnshire from Grimsby, they were impressed with the meadows and the high hedges, which they regarded as showing "the characteristics of the Englishman, his stand-off ways and love of keeping his business to himself." The little party rode through Derbyshire, on to Manchester, and then made for London by way of the Black Country. London did not impress them. They said they would rather see a hundred towns like Chester and Buxton than one city like London. The entire tour, which included the two sea-trips, cost £5 a head, which is just another proof that you can get a holiday on a bicycle cheaper than by any other method.

There are many uses to which an old cycle can be put. It is said that in the North of England a theatre-manager has made rather an excellent chandelier out of his old wheel. He also uses an old tricycle for producing the effect of wind, hail, and railway-trains. A navy is said to have made a clock almost all out of parts of an old machine. The bell strikes the hours, and a length of solid rubber tyre holds the pendulum, which is a bicycle fork. At a village near Darlington a gentleman has turned a discarded wheel into a kind of pump, and the tyres do duty for the pipe hose. A man at Ashton-under-Lyne has made a treadle sewing-machine out of his wheel. A grocer in Manchester has turned part of a cycle into a coffee-grinding machine; and a bell-ringer of a Hull church, being rather feeble in the arm, has an old cycle which he has raised and fixed in one position, and so, by a pulley arrangement, he can, when gently pedalling, ring the bell vigorously. Many folks use their old wheels for flower-stands, and there is a man in Red Lion Street who is making quite a decent living by turning old bicycles into conveyances on which washerwomen can take home the weekly load.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

It is gratifying to see such good acceptances for the Spring Handicaps, and the opening of the flat-race season should be lively. General Peace and Little Eva both decline the Lincoln Handicap, to the chagrin of those early birds who had backed Captain Bewicke's charges with the Continental-list men. Gollanfield, too, has gone out, so the clever Captain does not contemplate a *coup*, at any rate, over the first big handicap of the season. Of the horses left in the Lincoln Handicap, Gerolstein and Oban are highly spoken of by the wily watchers. I am of the opinion that animals of the calibre of Oban and Sly Fox are sooner or later bound to win good races, but it is so difficult to guess when the good thing is to be lauded. Royal Flush has been given a great chance, and the one horse who is now trained by Wishard is sure to be very well. Another animal that the sharps have been waiting for is Strike-a-Light, who is certainly not out of the race with 7 st. 12 lb. to carry.

All good sportsmen will note with pleasure that the Prince of Wales has accepted with Ambush II. for the Grand National. This is a very smart young chaser, and, if the race is to go to a six-year-old, I think Ambush II. will be the one to do the trick. Despite his welter weight, Manifesto will take all the beating the best can give him, and he can be relied upon to cover the course successfully. True, Mr. Bulteel

that sportsmen should send the field-glasses they could well spare to "the front." I do not profess to be able to teach our clever opticians anything about their own particular business, but I think a smart specialist ought to be able to invent a field-glass by which we could judge distances without the aid of sighting-shots. In times of war, glasses of the description named would prove invaluable to the soldiers engaged, and they would undoubtedly be the means of saving an army thousands of pounds in the matter of wasted ammunition. Again, it would be an invaluable aid to sportsmen to be able to discover, by the aid of, say, a pair of spectacles, how far off a covey of partridges on the wing were.

A joker ventured on the opinion in my hearing a few days ago that all the broken backers had joined the Imperial Yeomanry. Anyway, the attendance at many of the race-meetings of late has been of the thinnest, and the bookmakers are complaining of having no work to do. I am afraid that racing under National Hunt Rules will never flourish so long as the results of races are so contradictory as they are at present, and I am told that in some cases even owners are surprised when their horse passes the post first. We often see horses winning that had no chance on the book, while at other times animals win and actually start favourites when they should have been at 10 to 1 offered in the quotations, judging from their previous running.



COMPLETE MACHINE-GUN DETACHMENT OF MOUNTED INFANTRY FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELDRIDGE, COLCHESTER.

has another strong string to his bow in Drogheda, and the majority of the critics incline to the chances of the latter, but I shall throw in my lot with Manifesto. I ought, however, to mention that I have heard glowing accounts of yet another Irish-trained horse engaged in the race. I refer to Captain Scott's Levanter, who, by-the-bye, was bred in New Zealand. The knowing ones assert that the race is a gift for this horse, and I do think the handicapper has taken a big risk in allotting only 9 st. 8 lb. to an aged animal that may be a real good one.

The City and Suburban will, as usual, yield well, although the race must, to a certain extent, be affected by the result of the Lincoln Handicap. General Peace is not by any means out of it with 8 st. 11 lb., and The Gaffer, with a pound less to carry, has only to reproduce his autumn form to go very close. He was backed for a lot of money for the Cambridgeshire, and finished a respectable fourth. The Epsom course is very likely to suit him better than across the flat at Newmarket. Sly Fox, Strike-a-Light, and Survivor may run at Lincoln, but I should think Waugh would keep the last-named for Epsom, and, if he has not gone entirely to the bad, he might go one better than his second to Newhaven II. last year. However, the race can be discussed again and again before the day for its decision. Only eleven of the fifty-eight subscribers to the Jubilee Handicap have gone out, and the race ought to maintain its popularity, but it must not be forgotten that the distance is now one mile and a-quarter. Light Comedy and Downham are a likely couple to run well, and the last-named is, I think, a very useful three-year-old.

I am very glad to see that an editor of one of the sporting dailies has taken up a suggestion made by myself in this column some weeks back,

The war-fever has caught on most terribly among the youth of the country districts. An old tenant of the Prince of Wales was telling me, a day or two since, that his (the tenant's) two sons were very anxious to go to "the front" and take their hunters with them. The two boys assist their father in the management of his farm, and they are allowed two days' hunting per week each. They ride as straight as the crow flies, and are both good shots; but they know nothing whatever either about soldiering or military discipline, and the success of the business at home is in the main dependent upon their efforts. The boys will, I know, be disappointed if they are not allowed to go, while the parents will be equally disappointed if they do go. I mention the fact as showing that, at any rate, the young men of this country who are versed in field-sports think it a great honour to be allowed to go to "the front."

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice took a great interest in cricket as a young man, and he was secretary of the Bowood Cricket Club, at Calne, the seat of Lord Lansdowne. This club for years played out and home matches with the Lansdowne (Bath) Cricket Club when the four Graces were members of the Lansdowne Club. I was a member of the Bowood Club at the time, and remember well a funny little incident. The treasurer of the club, a well-known local bank-manager, was a healthy patriot, and Lord Edmond chanced to ask him his opinion of Sir Charles Dilke. (It was at the time when Sir Charles was preaching Republicanism.) The blunt bank-manager suggested that he would like to have one shot at Sir Charles with his single gun, but Lord Edmond retaliated with the remark that Sir Charles was a sincere, good man, whom he much admired. The owner of the shot-gun turned a somersault figuratively. Without taking any political side whatever, all must admit that the speech Sir Charles Dilke made on the War was one of the best in the debate — CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

In direct contrast with these gloomy days of grey weather and blackest war-news at home are the tidings of sunny atmosphere and preparation for coming carnival which filter through the post to us from friends abroad. To those who can get away, there is, indeed, no reason for staying in this



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A GRACEFUL GOWN AT MESSRS. JOHN SIMMONS AND SONS', HAYMARKET.

chilly Northern island, where the very colour of our skies but adds to the universal monotone of dismal anticipation in which these present weeks go by. At Nice, social matters, which have been, so far, a meagre quantity compared with the traditions of former seasons, will, however, receive a fillip from the visit of His Majesty King Carnival XXVIII., who with his motley suite will come to "his good town of Nice" on the 15th inst. On the following Sunday the procession of cars and masqueraders will come off, while the evening will be enlivened by a torch-light procession, in which, as usual, the donkey-riders will afford the comic relief. Then the Battle of Flowers is arranged for Thursday, the 22nd, and in the evening, at the Opera House, an additional distracting gaiety is promised in the first "Veglione," or masked ball, where gaiety rises to frothy heights undreamed of even at Covent Garden.

Talking of froth, by-the-bye, what an excellent song that is of the Sultan's in Basil Hood's and Sir Arthur Sullivan's charming opera at the Savoy. We are informed of that well-known truism about Society's dregs and froth in witty language set to delightful music—which, indeed, characterises the whole performance. The dresses also are a dream of Eastern gorgeousness. What a pity, one cannot help thinking, that the rigours of climate and exigencies of a tiresome civilisation prevent one from revelling in gauzy trousers and cloth-of-gold draperies, like the nymphs in "The Rose of Persia"!

Milliners, *apropos des bottes*, are more occupied at the moment in building smart travelling-hats for their patronesses going far afield than in composing sonettinos of spring millinery which the inclement and sport-spoiling weather will not admit of. One very smart specimen of knock-about chapeau just made for a voyageuse of parts and importance is of thick cream guipure draped in folds about the toque, and trimmed at one side with a great chou of Neapolitan violets and a great black brush osprey. Guipure has the double advantage of looking smart and being so strong that it stands rough weather; hence its popularity for travelling-hats. Another model is composed of putty-coloured cloth draped in circular folds banded with sable, while the crown is helped out with guipure and bunches of white velvet edelweiss.

Archduchess Stephanie, who is to be married early next month in London to Count Lanyay, has had some very elaborate and beautiful frocks prepared for her trousseau. A white silk evening-dress covered by floating draperies of hand-painted lisse; a black gauze theatre-frock covered with an elaborate hand-wrought design of tiny platinum paillettes, and a pale eau-de-Nil velvet trimmed with white broad-tail which has been previously embroidered with white jet, are a few of the chief items in a carefully planned selection. The Archduchess is still a very handsome and striking personality, and has always been remarkable for the smartness and tone of her costumes.

Gaiety and gay dresses will, however, be largely relegated in the coming months, at all events, to those of us who winter abroad, and in



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ONE OF MESSRS. JOHN SIMMONS AND SONS' NEW MODELS.

this connection it may be mentioned that these two charming dresses illustrated on this page have been both composed by Messrs. John Simmons and Sons, of the Haymarket, whose smart, exclusive designs and beautifully made gowns are so much appreciated by their widely extended *clientèle*. The first, a quite original version of the new tucked

skirt, is already on its way to Cairo, and has been built of fine pastel cloth, with groups of tuckings on skirt and bodice. Rows of satin-covered buttons enliven the plain folds between with great effect, while the waist-band of tightly drawn satin, fastened with three paste buttons, completes the whole.

The second costume, a polished black-faced cloth for outdoor spring wear, is quite tight as to skirt until it reaches below the knee, where a waved velvet band, edged with black-and-white silk braid, meets the tucked flowing flounce of under-skirt. A smart bolero bodice, with guipure-lined collar and lapels to match, completes a seasonable, sensible costume, which, being built in Messrs. Simmons and Sons' excellent manner, carries its hall-mark of first-rate tailoring even to the unobserving eyes of the most unobserving man in the street.

As an instance of the far-reaching effects of the war on all conditions of work and workers at home, it will surprise many to hear that numbers—indeed, most—of the London dressmakers, big and little, are working their girls only three-quarter time, instead of whole, just now, which means that, instead of dismissing a fourth of the number, dressmakers retain their "hands," but these are only required to do, and paid for, three-quarters of the work, instead of the whole. So many are in mourning—so many more, alas, dread that any day may bring the sorrowful necessity—and there is such a complete absence of entertainments and social gatherings, that even the favoured cult of the modiste is an occupation of extreme passivity at the present anxious moment. Down to the very carriers of parcels has this state of inactivity permeated, and two important firms own that never since their inception has such a dearth occurred of packages in transit, while those whose occupation consists in the sale and barter of mere luxuries find their trade practically at a standstill. What the Season will be like, one does not venture to think; they are already having a foretaste of things in Dublin, where, instead of the usual cheery opening of February festivities, anxious expectation sits hand-in-hand with sorrow for those gallant absentees amongst the Irish Brigade who fell so gloriously all through this desolating campaign.

Those amongst the elect who understand the traditional exclusiveness and conservative prejudices of the Russian aristocracy will appreciate how much the artistic excellence of Parisian Diamond Company productions must have been impressed on the imaginations of Slavonic grand dames to order, as several noble ladies have lately done, cases of Parisian Diamond Company jewels to be sent for their inspection and selection. These women are not poor, be it well understood, but very much the reverse. Seeing, however, the really exquisite designs, and hearing much of the Company's faultless workmanship, several noble ladies, unwilling to "pull about" or re-set their semi-barbaric heirlooms, actually ordered a supply of jewels for the Imperial Court Ball, held last week at the Winter Palace in such pomp and state that, it is told, a foreign Ambassador, looking round the ball-room, whispered to a diplomatic colleague, "These diamonds, if turned into gold, would go far to paying your South African expenses." This is merely, however, an incident in the Company's onward and upward career.

Since diamonds have, in fact, become ordinary wear, and a high order of workmanship, as a natural consequence, valued on its intrinsic merits, the artistic efforts of the Parisian Diamond Company have come to be fully realised, and it is by no means an exaggeration of facts to say

that the Company's beautiful work has raised the standard of jewel-setting to that which it occupied in those good departed days when Trade Unions were not, and every artisan, were he smith or goldsmith, was also an artist.

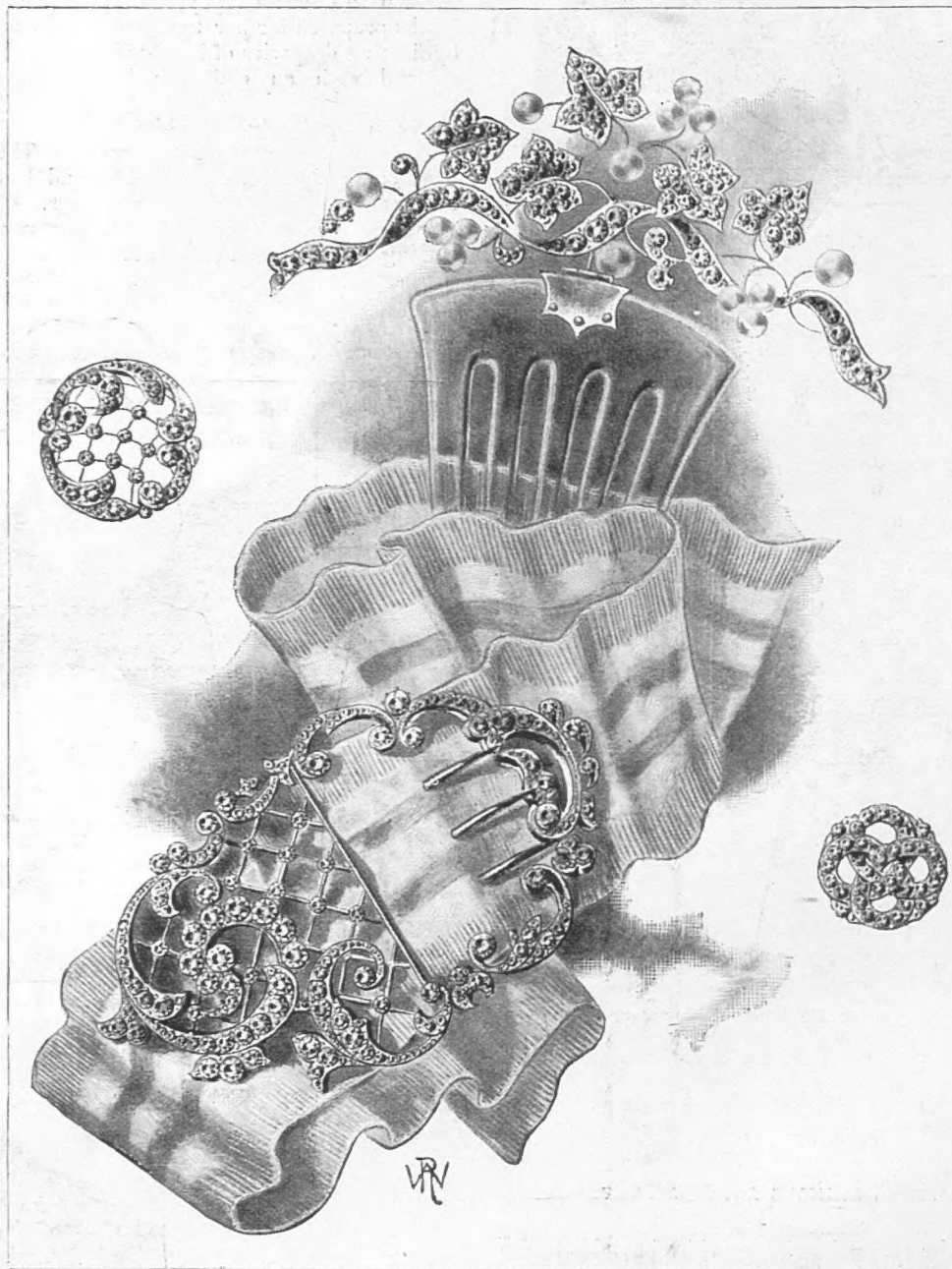
This illustration, in its composition as well as component parts, bears the argument out. Here is a delicately composed waist-belt, a brace of Louis XV. buttons, a comb set tiara-fashion, with designs of diamond ivy-leaves and pearl berries. The patterns carry their own canonisation at a glance, while of the parts composing them it can only be added that the diamonds sparkle as if they had just come out of Golconda, and the pearls gleam as only the pearls of the Parisian Diamond Company can do.

The poor Sirdar has often had his name taken in vain on hats, collars, and the newest departure in umbrellas variously; but it has remained to an enterprising musical-box maker to name a musical side-board, with compartments for case-bottles, as well as an automatic musical-box movement, "The Sirdar." Perhaps, in remembrance of Kitchener's apparent indissolubility to sentiment, the inventor, having

heard that music was the soul of love, made something to "play on." Be that as it may, "The Sirdar" sideboard is a thing of sound, seasoned wood and musical side-issues which will beguile many guileless furnishing young people into its immediate acquisition.

From Nicole Frères, of Ely Place, Holborn, may be also obtained, besides the common or garden musical-box of our affectionate childish remembrance, a variety of weird and wonderful musical grandfather-clocks, cabinets, Louis Quinze or otherwise, which, like the classic bedstead, are made a double part to play, and seem, from all accounts, to do it, moreover, very satisfactorily. A pretty booklet describing all these automatic musical wonders is sent on application to 21, Ely Place.

SYBIL.



NOVELTIES AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

as Commissioner. Well do I remember at the time of the West-End riots, to which reference was made in *The Sketch* last week, how the Police Superintendents groaned under his yoke, respecting his virtues even while they complained of his inordinate appetite for his duties. "I believe he goes to bed at four in the morning, and gets up at six, and arranges what he shall do during the two hours he's resting"—that was the gist of what one of the Superintendents remarked to me in those stormy days. What exactly led to his relinquishment of the Police Bureau never, I think, exactly transpired. In peaceful times, perhaps he was hardly the right man in the right place; but he did splendid service during the riots, which his force of character and excellent example undoubtedly did much to quell.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty-eight (from Oct. 25, 1899, to Jan. 17, 1900) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 21.

WAR MARKETS.

Hardly had our "Notes" gone to press last week before the mystery of Spion Kop was cleared up, and a general slump showed what the Stock Exchange thought of the position; but things have improved ever since, and Rand Mines (quite the bell-wether of the market), which touched 28½, are now back again to 31½-32½. There is only one way to make money in these times, and that is to buy, as the foreigners do, on every defeat, and take a short profit before the next check is experienced. There is, of course, a silver lining to every cloud, and people who can see beyond their noses understand that we have only to keep on, to wear down the Republics by mere attrition—if only we have the pluck and the perseverance to carry on the game to the end. A good bit of amusement has been caused by the silly question addressed to the Home Secretary by that fatuous Irishman, Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., about an exploit in the House a few weeks ago, of which nobody concerned is very proud, and "skylarking" has become quite popular again, just to show what the Members think of the Fenian M.P.

Money is certainly harder, and three months' fine paper is not taken at less than 3½. Considerable sums will soon be set free by the distribution of railway dividends, but everybody knows that the Government requirements, either in the shape of a new issue of Consols or a 3 per cent. War Loan, will soon clear all the available cash from the markets. The general desire is for a new 3 per cent. issue, which would be immensely popular, and could be offered at par, and made redeemable at a short date, so as to facilitate its conversion into Consols when matters have settled down again. We fancy, however, that Exchequer Bonds will be the means resorted to for the present.

"STOCK EXCHANGE SAYINGS."

This is the title of a book of Stock Exchange sayings suggested by Mr. W. Eden Hooper, No. 2, Angel Court, and carried into pictorial effect in most amusing fashion by Mr. Dudley Hardy and Mr. J. J. Proctor. Our illustration this week shows the vein in which the production is conceived, and when we mention that out of the sovereign demanded for the book, 3s. goes to the War Fund, that the whole thing is got up in a very handsome style, and that the other illustrations are extremely funny—although not all are suitable for Sunday School walls—we are sure our readers will be filled with yearning to possess a copy. We hope to publish another illustration or two from the book within the next few weeks.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND MONEY.

It is a curious thing to think about the vast amount of wealth that is available in Lombard Street at cheap rates. And what makes it so remarkable is that no temporary stringency of cash appears to leave any permanent mark upon the funds of the Money Market. Here we have the Bank Rate raised to 6 per cent. one week, and Lombard Street

bitterly grumbling that it cannot find profitable employment for its day-to-day and week-to-week money; another few weeks, and the Old Lady reduces her minimum to 3½ per cent., in order to bring it more into line with open-market rates, according to the experts, and once again rises the wail from Bank parlours and financiers' offices that they are absolutely giving money away on loan, and that people won't pay them the modest 2½ per cent. for seven-day money which they apologetically solicit.

All this, of course, indicates the fact that, in spite of the war, the country is piling up money at as great a pace as ever, because the floating supply of cash in Lombard Street is, to a great extent, made up of customers' balances lent on deposit to the Banks, funds which are continually increasing, as the cheap rates help to show. The Stock Exchange would do well to ponder over these things and possess its soul in patience, for everything points to a great outburst of activity in its general markets when the foreign outlook becomes settled again.

Members of the House are a strangely paradoxical body, and even while they profess that they don't want to be busy, the next sentence usually brings a jeremiad of how utterly stale, flat, and unprofitable all things are. In the promoters' offices there are being piled up by slow degrees little stacks of propositions which only need a return of public confidence to blossom forth into limited liability companies. The trade of the country was never better, and the war has, so far, affected general business very little. A large issue of Consols would stiffen rates in the Money Market for the time being, but there is too much cash in the land to cause any apprehensions of another high Bank Rate for at least six months, unless European complications should ensue in the interval.

ARMS AND ARMAMENT SHARES.

Writing under this heading a fortnight ago, we promised to return to the subject, and have now to deal with some of the lesser-known companies whose business lies in making killing-machines and the like. Eley Brothers is one of the soundest companies in this direction, its £10 Ordinary shares standing at 30. The issued capital of

the company is a quarter of a million sterling, and its dividends, if maintained at their recent rate, are sufficient to pay over 4½ per cent. on the capital invested. The market for the shares, however, is a very limited one, which probably accounts for the fact that they are not popular. Another company whose business is largely affected by the war is that of Richard Hill and Co., a small undertaking whose shares went badly at the time of the company's birth. The price has been dull ever since, but, latterly, strong hands have taken over a great many of the underwriting shares, and the price of the Ordinary is now 22s. 6d., at which they seem an excellent purchase. Nobel Dynamite Trust are creeping up, and the war should prove a good thing for them; the market, however, is an irregular one, and in days of trouble Nobels are hard to sell at anything approaching a reasonable price. As a speculation yielding a high rate of interest, they attract a good many people. New Explosives we do not like at all. A few buyers of the shares have come in lately, but their example is not a thing to be



FROM "STOCK EXCHANGE SAYINGS."

By kind permission of the Publisher, Mr. W. Eden Hooper.

followed, in our opinion, anyway. Besides these examples of Armament undertakings, there are many Iron and Steel companies whose hands have lately been filled with orders for war-material, gun-carriages and the like. It is quite possible that Colt Gun shares may emerge from the slough of 10s. a share discount into which they are now plunged, but we rather doubt it.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

At last some light is breaking over the Kangaroo Corner of the Stock Exchange. For a long while it has been largely dominated by the war-news and by the monetary situation, nor have the outrageous rigs in Lake Views and Associated tended to make the public look with a favourable eye upon this department, which has already been the grave of so many bankers' balances. But now a little demand has sprung up for some of the other concerns whose shares are not merely so many strings in the hands of certain issuing houses. Speculation all round the House is fast asleep, but, of course, it will awake sooner or later, and, before it does, perhaps it would not be amiss to lay in a few Westralian Mining shares against the revival that seems at hand in this market.

Great Boulder Souths are worth buying to put away, and, if it were not for the taint of the Globe group, we should be inclined to recommend Ivanhoe. As specimens of the class that is likely to improve most quickly when the rising day shall dawn, Ceresus South and Hannan's Oroya are perhaps the best. Great Boulders under 37s. 6d. are cheap; the mine's returns are steady and good, and the shares are not so overrun by professionals as most Westralians. Of the dearer shares, Boulder Perseverance are well spoken of in the market, and there is some strong Colonial buying going on in Kalgurli.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

I suppose I had better say something about the war, just by way of being topical. Not that it is a particularly enticing subject, to me, anyway, although nothing else is talked of. That a mighty nation, with an Empire a thousand times more splendid than ever dazzled the eyes of Nebuchadnezzar or disappointed an Alexander, should be beaten for three months, by a paltry little concern like the Transvaal Republic and its twin-sister is more than humiliating. And all because of what?—

But I have no heart to talk politics, even were it my—er—sphere; yet how the whole City is crying out for a strong Government! Just think how a Cabinet would be supported which began to double the Navy, to raise the pay in the Army, to invite every able-bodied man between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five to enrol himself a volunteer in the corps which it would itself raise, and instead of prosecuting the present war on the semi-jocular Parliamentary style now being adopted, should take the swiftest transports, the finest guns, and the best of ammunition for bringing the war to a mercifully swift conclusion. Money? The country would not grudge a farthing if it were asked for fifty millions to-morrow, so long as the thing is brought to a triumphant finish. Then would come the grudging time; then the asking why a halfpenny morning shrieker should have made the country mad for war; then the looking back at what his followers sarcastically call "the policy" of that "paint-the-map-red-young-man" who governs the Government; and then, the biggest Kaffir boom that ever was seen, followed by— But I anticipate, as the historiographer would observe.

So they propose to give a ball in the House for the benefit of the War Fund, do they? H'm! Why not turn it into a skating-rink, or circus, or restaurant, or something like that, while they are about it? I had always considered the Stock Exchange, in the words of a well-known American hymn-writer, as a place "where the women cease from troubling, and the wicked are at rest," but it seems that I'm wrong, because, I suppose, ladies would be admitted to the ball. Not but what a very enjoyable dance might be arranged between Members themselves. Charlie Clarke would, of course, lead out Lottie Collins; Little Tich might pair off with Mr. Wright as representing Westralians; and no doubt Mr. Edward Clark would find Mr. Cecil Paxton Rhodes an excellent partner. Another couple? Mr. Gus Wildy and his friend Mr. Barnes, then, and there you have a capital set for the preliminaryancers.

I can see a frown spreading out over thy beautiful face, O gentle reader, and hasten to assure thee that I am just about to start talking shop. But, really, there is so little shop to speak about. It's not that I want to grumble, but there is the hard, stubborn fact all the same. However, I will begin a fresh paragraph and see how that works.

Echoing around the general markets I find a strong tip to buy Yankees. House tips are generally wrong, as a matter of fact, but this particular one appears to have some sense in it, after all. Of course, when the war—hang the war!—is over, there is no doubt that Americans will spurt ahead; even though it be but for a short time. Before that comes about, however, we may see dearer money, not to mention a Presidential election, which last generally means a good time for the bears. But the market is a capital one for jobbing in: buy Louisville and Atchison Pref. when they are flat, and sell them when they are good, and *don't* listen to what your broker says concerning the look of the market. Attention to the last little rule will save the speculator—I mean, the investor—a great deal of money.

They tell me, too, that Home Rails are good to buy. It is pointed out that, at current prices, Midland Deferred pays nearly 4 per cent. on the money, Brums and Berwicks return 3½ per cent. and 3¼ per cent. respectively. It is doubtful, however, when dividends will increase, and it is absolutely certain that expenses will not decrease for several years to come. So that, on the whole, I would rather put a client into something that has more prospect of a rise than a Home Railway stock. As quite another class of security, I am still in favour of Mexican Rails, and, if the bull-account be kept within reasonable bounds, there is no reason, either, why Trunk Firsts should not go to par.

Machinery Trust shares are worth buying. The company has recently increased its scope of business, and now embraces a large addition of quite new machinery. Dividends at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum have been paid of late, so that, at the present price of £3, the return to an investor is about 6½ per cent. Naturally, with this yield, the purchaser must not be astonished if my anticipations that the shares will go to 4 are not realised by the end of the week, but I can recommend them as a good speculative investment. Those who are on the outlook for a depository for money realised by the sale of their Kaffirs because of the war—there's the war again!—might do a good deal worse than put some of it into Anglo-American Telegraph Preferred Ordinary stock, commonly called Anglo "B" for the soul of wit's sake. It carries a 6 per cent. dividend, and the present price of the stock is 115½, at which the investor gets 5 per cent. on his money. The company has just paid 27s. per cent. on the Ordinary for 1899, and it distributed 18s. per cent. on the same stock at the

corresponding period last year. The price has all the elements in it of a 5-point advance.

Shall I tell you a story? Well, then, once upon a time there was an Institution devoted to Mam—Finance, I ought to say. One day a man said, "I will write a story of this College, and get pictures of its students, and all kinds of rummy things, and then sell copies of the book." So the writing was hurried on, and all things were ready for a man they call the printer—all but one solitary portrait. The printer said he must have that picture, because it was necessary to complete the set of portraits of what we will call, for the story's sake, the Committee of that Institute of Finance. But he was so coy, was this subject. First he would, and then he wouldn't; but at last, one day, he let himself be photo'd in the back-garden by a daughter of his, who owned a camera.

I will tell you the sequel another day. Maybe some folks guessed it at the time, specially those who were waiting for copies of that book. Mustn't stop to finish the story now, because here I am at the bottom of the fifth page of foolscap, and that is a sure sign that you have had quite enough of The House Haunter.

FOREIGN RAILS.

When everything appeared most promising in the Argentine Republic and the price of the Railway securities showed every indication of going better, an unfortunate outbreak of bubonic plague at Rosario has caused a set-back. Such accidents will happen, and cannot be foreseen either by financial writers or investors, and, so far as indications go at present, there does not seem much to be alarmed about, but the incident shows the risks of buying anything when the prospects appear most rosy. The lines which will probably suffer most if the outbreak is confined to narrow limits are the Cordoba and Rosario and the Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and, although the price of Central Argentine stock was considerably affected, it is not improbable that its traffics may actually benefit by the diversion of cereals to its line for shipment. So far, there is certainly no cause for alarm; the harvest will be one of the largest that the country has ever known, prices are well above the point at which they become remunerative, and the general prosperity of the River Plate is certainly far greater than it has been for years, while the Chilean war-cloud has, to all appearance, vanished.

The Yankee Railway Market appears to have to some extent cut itself free from war influences, and shows a rise all round, the truth being that there is very little stock open here, and that Berlin and Wall Street really control prices between them. The coal stocks, such as Chesapeake, Eries, and others, have had the biggest rise upon some idea that the high price of coal both here and on the Continent will induce shipments from America. We are inclined to think that Denver, both Preference and Common, and Southern Ordinary are worth purchase by those who hanker after a Yankee speculation.

Saturday, Feb. 3, 1900.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T.—We have posted the lists to you.

GREEK.—(1) Yes. You were wise. (2) Industrial Trust Unified Stock or Imperial Continental Gas would suit, we should think.

SALOPIAN.—(1) The company is doing splendid business, and, because it is doing so well, is short of cash. Instead of £15,000 working capital, £30,000 could have been employed with advantage. Hold your shares. (2) Fairly so, but this class of business depends on hitting the public taste, and therefore is, to a great extent, speculative. (3) We should hold if the shares for the moment were our own, but the novelty is wearing off, and you should get out on the first good opportunity.

A. J. B.—(1) The Bank is very sound, and the war will bring grist to the mill. If you think the result will be, in the end, adverse to British interests in South Africa, of course sell. (2) We know no more than can be learned from the reports in the daily papers, to which you have the same access as we have. (3) See this week's "Stock Exchange Letter."

We are authorised to state that the Directors of the *Illustrated London News and Sketch*, Limited, will, subject to final audit, recommend a dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 8 per cent. for the half-year ending Dec. 31 last, making, with the interim dividend already paid, 7 per cent. for the year 1899.

We are asked to give publicity to the following notice: The Directors of the Sweetmeat Automatic Delivery Company, Limited, have declared an interim dividend for the quarter ending Dec. 31 last, payable on March 1 next, at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum, being at the same rate as for the corresponding period of last year. The transfer-books will be closed from Feb. 12 to Feb. 28, both dates inclusive.